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U.S. Foreign Policy in Action

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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BUNDY

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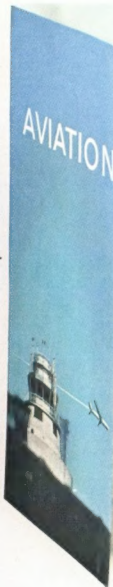
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There's nothing like a strike to improve their business.

They should like strikes. They're all bowling proprietors. A strike to them means a happy bowler and that's their business: making bowlers happy.

In the process, each of these fellows keeps a lot of other people happy—food, tobacco and beverage suppliers, air-conditioning men, carpet and

tile manufacturers...all the people they spend money with to keep their bowling centers modern and bright.

They even please the tax collector with the thousands they pay in taxes each year to their state and nation. That's what makes them important men in their community.

Why not visit a bowling center soon and say "hello" to the proprietor? He'll be glad to see that you get free instruction if you'd like. You'll find a strike or two will do wonders for you, too.

Bowling's best where you see the Magic Triangle.



American Machine & Foundry Company

He was big, mean, tough. No wonder kids love him.

Twenty feet high! Eyes gleaming with rage. Mouth like a steam shovel packed with daggers. *Tyrannosaurus Rex*—the biggest, meanest flesh-eating dinosaur ever!

Millions will see him and eight other life-sized dinosaurs in Sinclair Dinoland at the New York World's Fair.

Among them is *Brontosaurus*, Sinclair's trademark... lived a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils.

We hope that, by stimulating youngsters' imaginations, this realistic and scientific exhibit will help them understand more of earth's strange past from which their world of today has evolved.

Sinclair invites you to drive to the Fair this summer. For a more pleasant trip, we'll be happy to plan your route through interesting and historic sections of the country.

For example, the *Lincoln Heritage Trail* across Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky takes you through the Lincoln country.

This Sinclair service is free. Write Sinclair Tour Bureau, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Tell us the areas you want to visit in U.S., Canada, or Mexico.



TYRANNOSAURUS REX—ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



**If you ship from
5 to 50 pounds anywhere in the U.S.
you're missing a bet**

...unless you check Air Express.

Among air cargo services, Air Express is quickest and often costs least. Frequently less than surface!

For example, you can actually ship a 20 pound package from New York to Chicago by Air Express for less than motor carrier (\$6.20 vs. \$6.82).

Another point. Air Express rates are figured door-to-door. You only have one call, one waybill.

And there's more. Air Express

can deliver by sunset tomorrow to any of 21,000 U.S. cities, towns and communities.

Pickup is made within 2 hours of your call. Your packages get top priority on every scheduled airline after air mail.

And on the ground, thousands of delivery trucks speed deliveries between you, the airports and your customers. Compare this with any other service available.

There is only one Air Express... it's a joint venture of all 39 scheduled airlines and R E A Express. No wonder Air Express gives you the best service in the air and on the ground.

Next time you ship from 5 to 50 pounds, try Air Express. Simply call your local R E A Express office for detailed information.

Air Express outdelivers them all...anywhere in the U.S.A.

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NAVAJO FREIGHT LINES SET NEW COAST-TO-COAST RECORD!

Philadelphia to Los Angeles in 56 hours, 29 minutes, with a gross load of 37,000 pounds!

For 56 hours and 29 minutes last week, the entire country belonged to the Indians again. At least the name was Indian: Navajo Freight Line. Rolling out of their Philadelphia terminal



...after a 2,710 mile record run the General Dual Super G tires on this truck showed no visible wear!

Navajo Freight Line national operating equipment manager, Rod Lochmiller, was understandably surprised. A cab-over-engine, tandem tractor and 40' trailer — with an LTL shipment of 37,000 pounds gross — equipped with General Dual Super G tires on driving and trailing wheels and General Jet Cargo C.O.E. tires up front, had just scored a national record by rolling 2,710 miles coast-to-coast in less than 56½ hours. The average speed was 48 mph. Weather had been everything but a hurricane. Traffic was heavy. Yet, the General Dual Super G's had come through without any visible signs of wear! And, with these great tires, the rig achieved amazing fuel savings, even at high average speeds. What makes General Dual Super G's go so far, with less trouble? The way they're built: This great radial ply constructed tire is stronger . . . with two steel belts under the tread. Tougher . . . with steel-strong Nygen cord and Duragum rubber. Check your General Tire Specialist and see for yourself. Even if you're not gunning for a record crossing of the U.S. — these are the tires that'll give you top mileage without maintenance problems!



TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS



Creative financing and insurance for your needs



How Associates helped put a small Kentucky businessman in clover

"Skip" McMahon, President of Middletown Mfg. Co., had developed a highly regarded line of chair and rocker swivels, pedestal bases and other furniture hardware. Business was so good, he was outgrowing his plant facilities. But with most of his working capital tied up in his business, expansion seemed out of the question until he mentioned his problem to Associates.

A special financing plan was created by Associates for "Skip" and he got his new plant. Today, Middletown is a subsidiary of American Metal Products and the world's largest maker of furniture components. Whatever your financial or insurance needs, ask an Associates Company. With nearly two billion dollars in assets and over 700 offices in the U. S. and Canada, they are ready to help you.

Personal Loans
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"Even if you win, you lose."

That's what someone said to us recently. He was referring to life insurance. He said, "you have to die to collect, right? And then where are you?"

We found ourselves wondering how many others shared this idea of life insurance.

The truth is, your policy benefits you from the very start. Because in addition to providing immediate protection for your family, permanent life insurance accumulates cash values. These

guaranteed sums can be used, by *you*, to help provide educations, retirement, or accomplish any number of financial goals.

Invite your Aetna Life representative to show you what life insurance can do for you. Aetna is the company that businessmen prefer. More businesses are group insured with Aetna Life than with any other company. You'll see why, once you've sampled our thorough, professional care.



**AETNA LIFE
INSURANCE**

THE CHOICE OF BUSINESSMEN
LET'S YOU CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE

*You should have a good reason
for wanting an OASIS Water Cooler*

(Here are four)



1 Coffee-break refreshment center

Hot coffee, tea, chocolate and soups . . . cool water for thirst-quenching or flavored instant drinks. Right from this handsome Oasis Hot 'n Cold unit. The spacious refrigerated compartment makes ice cubes, stores bottled drinks and snacks. Ideal for offices or plant areas with up to 37 people. Saves time, steps, money. Adds pleasure, convenience.



2 Cool fresh water and no plumbing

This bottle model puts a refreshment center wherever there's an electrical outlet, and no plumbing is needed. Handy drip receptor is easily removable. Available as a straight water cooler, or as shown, Hot 'n Cold unit with refrigerated compartment for ice cubes, soft drinks. See Yellow Pages, water cooler section, Oasis.



3 Trim modern design up off the floor...

This Oasis On-A-Wall mounts flush to the wall at any height. All plumbing concealed. High styled in Chestnut, Tweed vinyl-on-steel with a choice of seven custom panel colors. Carefree lustrous stainless steel top. Available as a water cooler or as a Hot 'n Cold refreshment center. Send for catalog No. 1596 on full line of wall and floor units.

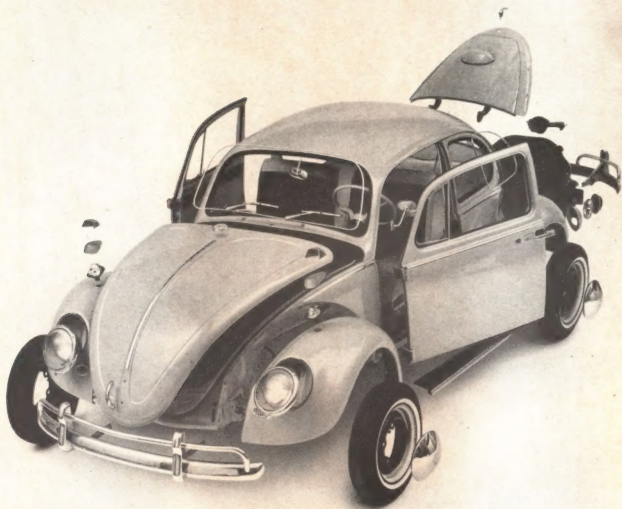


4 For big capacity, hour after hour...

When a single cooler must satisfy the thirst of many people, Oasis is the answer. Thirteen gph cold water capacity available in four distinctive cabinet styles, serves 156 people in offices, schools, public buildings. Model shown is new Against-A-Wall which can be installed with all plumbing concealed. Heavy-duty models for industrial use also available.

EBCO MFG. CO., DEPT. A-40, 265 N. HAMILTON ROAD, COLUMBUS, OHIO 43213

OASIS WATER COOLERS SOLD OR RENTED EVERYWHERE.



Need a part?

Replacing part of a car is a pain.

But it's even more painful when you need a part and can't get it.

If you own a 6 or 8 year-old domestic car and need, say, a door handle or a water pump, you're liable to have quite a problem. (Unless you enjoy shopping in junkyards.)

When cars change so drastically every year, the dealer simply can't keep every part for every year in stock.

But the VW doesn't change drastically every year, so Volkswagen dealers don't have nearly the problem.

So far as we're concerned, a hood is a hood and a door is a door.

We can replace an engine in 90 minutes (or a rear fender for \$21.09,* plus labor).

Above all, we can promise that you'll be able to get any part you need for any year Volkswagen you own.



Once there were people who wouldn't have any part of a VW. Now they get all they want.



New AE system "dials" the delivery of oil

It's not hard to pipe oil from an inland refinery to tankers at a distant dockside. But, over-pumping can be a problem.

Now the problem is solved with a new AE system that utilizes a telephone network to put pump shutoff control in the hands of the deck foreman. When a desired quantity of oil has been delivered, he merely dials a two-digit code number, from any one of 13 dock locations, to remotely control up to 100 combinations of

one to four pumps. Pump shutoffs are verified by an audible signal.

An annunciator panel at each pump house stores up the data on all operations dialed from dockside. It provides both visual and audible indications to keep the pump house attendants informed of every control condition, including the instant that pumps are available for other transfer operations.

In the event of power failure, all pumps

are shut down automatically.

This better way of controlling the delivery of oil from tank to tanker is now being installed for an oil refining company on the island of Aruba. It's another example of how AE solves control problems for industry. A new booklet covering AE's control capabilities may hold the answer to a problem you have. For a free copy, write Dept. 578, Automatic Electric Company, Northlake, Illinois 60164.

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Introductory Guide to Great Ages of Man: With *Classical Greece* you receive at no extra cost, a 5,200-word separately-bound essay entitled "What Man Has Built," written by Jacques Barzun.

GREAT AGES OF MAN, CLASSICAL GREECE

the first volume, is yours to examine for 10 days

Twenty-five centuries ago a tough and gifted people—who lived on a rocky peninsula about the size of North Carolina—built a lusty civilization that left its mark upon the world for all time. This was the “Golden Age” of Greece—an age often underestimated, often misunderstood, often misrepresented. Yet it should be understood, for it is the very character of that age—probing, violent, vivid, creative—that shaped a legacy for future ages and reappears today as a reflection in our scheme of life.

With understanding and enlightenment as their keynote, the editors of Time-Life Books present CLASSICAL GREECE, which you and your family are invited to read for ten days, with no obligation to buy. It's the first volume in a major new series, GREAT AGES OF MAN, which spans the centuries, bringing you face-to-face with remarkable people doing remarkable things.

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Greek Intellectuals: Socrates (knowledge is virtue), Homer, Aesop, Aristophanes, Pericles, Heraclitus, Aristotle.

Greek Law: Its influence on today's legal systems; death sentence for cabbage thieves; debtors made slaves to creditors.

Greek Art and Architecture: The secret of symmetry; an inspiration to artisans and builders for nearly 2,500 years.

Greek Military Men: Their triumphs and disasters; battle plans and maneuvers still used today.

Greek Manners, Morals and Ideals: Concepts of individual worth, origins of democracy, slavery, women as chattel.

Greek Theater: The Greek Chorus; a playwright fined because his audience wept so bitterly; drama as religion.

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textbook dullness. The past has been refreshed and charged with vitality through a three-fold technique:

Picture-and-Text Approach: Knowledge in the form of picture essays—over 100 vivid pictures, many specially-painted, drawn and photographed for this book.

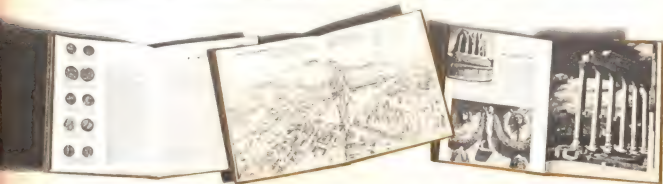
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 23

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).* "U.N. at 20: What Peace Does It Keep?" An examination of the U.N.'s five major crises—Iran, Suez, Korea, Cuba and the Congo—including interviews with Trygve Lie, U Thant, Adlai Stevenson, Henry Cabot Lodge and others.

Friday, June 25

FDR (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). The historic friendship between Roosevelt and Winston Churchill.

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Out on the Outsiders of Town," a drama by William Inge starring Anne Bancroft and Jack Warden. Repeat.

VACATION PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A summer anthology series made up of pilot films and tapes for new TV shows that didn't make it. The first episode stars Sissy Parker as a wood nymph sentenced (for vanity) to performing 100 good deeds among mortals. Premiere.

PEYTON PLACE III (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). So successful has this soap been in prime time, that it's spreading itself to a third night a week.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Paar pauses for one last farewell before firing his retrorockets and plunging from network TV to a recovery area in backwoods Maine. This final show, minus audience and guests, will feature Paar replaying old tapes of his past three years on prime time and reminiscing about his eight-year orbit across the NBC air waves.

Saturday, June 26

IRISH SWEETSTAKES DERBY (ABC, 9:45-10:15 a.m.). Live from Dublin via Early Bird.

SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY (NBC, 5:45-6 p.m.). A new 15-minute series, in color, featuring exciting experiences in hunting and fishing. Premiere.

FANFARE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A new live musical-variety show, hosted by Al Hirt. The first installment features Ballet Dancers Edward Villella and Patricia McBride, Opera Singer Anna Moffo and Rock 'n' Roller Dionne Warwick. Premiere.

1965 COACHES' ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL GAME (ABC, 9:30 p.m. to conclusion). East v. West, live from Buffalo.

Sunday, June 27

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Sculptor George Segal, Art Critic Brian O'Doherty, and New York Jewish Museum Board Chairman Mrs. Albert List discuss "Contemporary Art."

WHERE THE ACTION IS (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). A summer musical-variety show for school-agers out of school. Premiere.

GENERAL FOODS SUMMER PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Another summer series made up of pilots that never got off the ground, in this case situation comedies. The first show is about a struggling New York artist who inherits a small town in California. Premiere.

ALL-STAR SPECIAL (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). "It's What's Happening, Baby," a top-talent rock 'n' roll show with Disk Jockey

* All times E.D.T.

"Murray the K," soft-selling economic opportunities to the nation's high school dropouts and jobless teen-agers. Time and talent are being donated free by the network, the singers, and M. the K.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. This revival of Tennessee Williams' 20-year-old masterpiece, while miscast, is a jewel in Broadway's currently tarnished crown.

HALF A SIXPENCE is a pleasant showcase for Tommy Steele, an ingratiating pre-Beatle Beatle. Bright tunes and dances seem brighter when brushed with the Steele charm.

THE ODD COUPLE. Art Carney and Walter Matthau are supremely funny as a mismatched pair of shell-shocked husbands beating a retreat from the frays of marriage. Living together is enough to send them back into the thick of the battle.

LUV frolics through the mazes and labyrinths of three pseudo-Freudian psyches—all suffering from nothing more than acute self-attention. Anne Jackson, Alan Arkin, and Eli Wallach are brilliant.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In Bill Manhoff's romantic merry-go-round, a neurotic prostitute (Diana Sands) has a priggish book clerk (Alan Alda) running around in sidleslipping circles.

Off Broadway

KRAPPS LAST TAPE and **THE ZOO STORY.** In a fifth-anniversary revival of this double bill, Edward Albee's *Story* is still provocative and dramatic and Samuel Beckett's *Tape* has the charisma of a classic.

SQUARE IN THE EYE. While too many themes and techniques are crowded within its angle of vision, *Eye* is alive with a phantasmagoric sense of the present. Playwright Jack Gelber's latest satiric work tickles the ribs to stab the brain.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER revisited turns through the lighter side of life during the crash, the Depression and World War II. The Porter wit and comic insight prove there was indeed a lighter side.

RECORDS

Rock 'n' Roll

HERMAN'S HERMITS ON TOUR (M-G-M). "The worst singer in the world can sing our songs," says Herman, cheerfully explaining away such hits as the million-selling *Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter*. The second collection of what Herman correctly calls "the simplest music there is" includes his teen love ditties, *Silhouettes* and *Can't You Hear My Heartbeat*, as well as *I'm Henry VIII, I Am* ("I got married to the widow next door. She's been married seven times before.")

WAYNE FONTANA AND THE MINDBENDERS: THE GAME OF LOVE (Fontana). Manchester's Mindbenders mind their rhythm 'n' blues as they holler "The purpose of a man is to love a woman," and then whoop, "Come on, baby, let's play the game of love." They are equally exuberant as they beat out *Keep Your Hands Off My Baby* and *Girl Can't Help It*.

TOM JONES: IT'S NOT UNUSUAL (Parrot). Now it is a Welsh miner's son, a curly-

headed six-footer with a bronze voice and a pair of leather lungs, who belts out Chuck Berry songs like *Memphis Tennessee*. Jones dips into folk as well (*Skye Boat Song*), but runs down in sentimental ballads like *It's Just a Matter of Time*.

SAM, THE SHAM AND THE PHAROHS: WOOLY BULLY. Sam, who comes from Dallas, plays a jazzy organ and travels by hearse with his harum-scarum pharaohs, who sing falsetto or blow the sax. *Woody Bully* is their runaway hit, but there are other light-headed numbers like *Gangster of Love* and a Latin piece by Sam called *Juimamos* (meaning "Let's Went" in slangy Spanish).

THE BEACH BOYS TODAY! (Capitol). Now that they have put aside their surfboards and hot rods, the big West Coast quintet has time to ponder life and love. They wonder, for example, what is going to "turn them on" when they "grow up to be a man." They hear in their choirboy voices, "Don't hurt my little sister. She dips you." They choke back the tears to admit they are "so young, can't marry no one."

THE MIRACLES: GREATEST HITS FROM THE BEGINNING (2 LPs: Tamla). The Detroit group revives some early-style rock 'n' roll that sounds surprisingly subtle, harmonious and low-keyed compared with most of its imitations. The chiflon voice is Claudette's and the lead singer of the male quartet is Bill ("Smookey") Robinson, who also wrote most of the songs (*Go a Job, What's So Good About Goodbye*).

MARTHA AND THE VANDELLES: DANCE PARTY (Gordy). Some higher-voltage Detroit music, with Martha agitating a party, giving directions for the jerk and raising the roof over *Mobile Lil*, *The Dancing Witch*, *Mickey's Monkey* and *Hitch Hike*.

CINEMA

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. While Stuart Whitman and James Fox fly to win the favor of winsome Sarah Miles, this disarming comedy assigns its zanier thrills, spills and laughter to Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe and Alberto Sordi, all clowning in outrageous but flyable aircraft as competitors in a great London-Paris air race of 1910.

SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE. French Director Jacques Deray, smoothly working variations on the themes of *The Asphalt Jungle* and *Rififi*, follows five men through a suspenseful million-dollar caper that turns into a deadly game of dishonor among thieves.

LA TIA TULA. In a first film of faultless artistry, Spanish Director Miguel Picazo studies a still beautiful spinster (Aurora Bautista) whose unyielding virtue conquers the passion she feels for her dead sister's husband.

MIRAGE. A plot that often seems trickier than a Chinese puzzle is pieced together entertainingly by a traumatized scientist (Gregory Peck) and a rather inept private eye (Walter Matthau) who keeps his wit about him.

CAT BALLOU. Lee Marvin is hilarious twice over as a pair of rough gunslingers, one to help, one to hinder a way-out Western lass (Jane Fonda) who gives up school-teaching to become a desperado.

IT SUCCESSO. How to succeed, Italian-style, is the subject of a sometimes fierce, sometimes frolicsome satire about a rising young executive (Vittorio Gassman) and the loved ones he leaves behind.

THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE. Among the luminous bodies who find love, then lose

"old-fashioned" handcrafted quality is always new

There's something "old-fashioned" about every new Zenith. "Old-fashioned" as home-baked bread and hand-rubbed mahogany. As a tailor-made suit and a Rolls Royce.

It's Zenith Handcrafted quality!

Instead of hand-wiring only the critical connections as most others do, we take the trouble to hand-wire every connection in Zenith TV. We carefully Handcraft and hand-wire every tiny part to our rugged, all-metal chassis.

We don't believe in using printed circuits on a plastic board for these important reasons: because they can turn a simple tube failure into a costly major circuit breakdown—a breakdown that may require replacement of not only the entire circuit board, but of many expensive components as well. And, because every hour your TV set is turned on, it's generating heat. The kind of heat that has a detrimental effect on plastic printed circuit boards.

Makes you glad you have a Handcrafted Zenith, doesn't it?

Or, if you don't, the next time you have TV trouble, buy yourself a bit of "old-fashioned", long-lasting Zenith Handcrafted quality. It gives Zenith the performance and dependability that make it the most *advanced* TV you can buy.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.



built better because it's Handcrafted



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and all our lending
officers, specialize
in cutting red tape



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No matter what your business, we have bankers who know it, understand its problems, speak its language. Like Mr. Johnston, the lending officers in each of the 12 divisions of our Commercial Banking Department serve

specific groups of industries. These men are specialists, constantly studying industry trends and developments. They are in a splendid position to recognize the potential of your proposal.

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it, during three smooth but shallow intrigues staged in the back seat of a 1930 model Phantom II are Rex Harrison and Jeanne Moreau, Alain Delon and Shirley MacLaine, Omar Sharif and Ingrid Bergman.

THE PAWNBROKER. The nightmare world of Spanish Harlem awakens the humanity of a wretched old Jew whose past and present come stingingly to life in the performance of Rod Steiger.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MISSION IN TORMENT, by John Mecklin. The author, who was USIS chief in Saigon from 1962 to 1964, takes a balanced second look at U.S. policy toward Viet Nam and especially toward the late Ngo Dinh Diem. Mecklin feels that the U.S. measured Diem only by his intransigence and overlooked his legitimate sovereignty, thereupon condoning the coup that unleashed warring factions and led to six more coups.

LADY WU, by Lin Yutang. From the remote era of 7th century Imperial China, Author Yutang has recalled an empress who was Cleopatra, Catherine the Great and Lucrezia Borgia rolled into one fiery, demonic woman. Clawing her way from obscurity to power, she killed wantonly and hideously; finally on the throne, she became a model ruler.

IS PARIS BURNING? by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. The exciting story of the 1944 rescue of Paris from Hitler's vow to dynamite it and from the Communist plot to seize it.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, by Flannery O'Connor. These last brilliant stories by the late Miss O'Connor give no quarter to pity and seldom, even, to compassion. Instead, they illustrate the author's favorite themes: the bonds between parent and child, between the tyrannical weak and the consuming strong, and between Southerners—white and Negro—leashed in hatred to each other.

ASSORTED PROSE, by John Updike. A fine collection of essays and reportage on subjects ranging from light verse to Boston's long love-hate affair with Ted Williams.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (1 last week)
2. The Ambassador, West (2)
3. Motel, Hailey (3)
4. The Source, Michener (5)
5. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (6)
6. Herzog, Bellow (4)
7. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (7)
8. The Man, Wallace (9)
9. Night of Camp David, Knebel
10. A Pillar of Iron, Caldwell (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison (2)
2. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
3. The Founding Father, Whalen (5)
4. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (3)
5. Queen Victoria, Longford (4)
6. The Italians, Barzini (7)
7. How to Be a Jewish Mother, Greenburg (6)
8. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre
9. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (9)
10. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (8)



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LETTERS

Domesticity Defended

Sir: Three cheers for Phyllis McGinley and TIME [June 18] for giving back to the housewife the dignity and respect that most modern thinking and writing has been tearing down. It is refreshing in this topsy-turvy era we call "modern times" to hear someone speak out for the good old-fashioned way of life where the words mother and housewife were spoken with respect rather than being synonymous with stupid and boring.

More of this gracious lady's philosophy and poetry would be an antidote to some of the poison in today's literature.

CONSTANCE BEARDSLEY

West Caldwell, N.J.

Sir: After reluctantly accepting the fact that my future will be that of a homemaker, Phyllis McGinley Hayden, through her charming verse and real-life example, has confirmed what I've been trying to accept for some time now: housewifery can be a meaningful and rewarding occupation. Have I been brainwashed?

MARY ROTH

Milwaukee

Sir: College-educated, or less educated, we housewives don't need a Friedan-McGinley dispute about our role. That "not impossible she" is she who loves and gives to her capacity. We don't need someone to describe it. We need more of us to get busy and do it.

MRS. M. L. SCHULER

Woburn, Mass.

Sir: *Oh the life of the housewife is sad and it's gay,
It's chili con carne and cherries flambé,
It's dinner at eight and it's patching the chimney,
And getting verse published like Phyllis McGinley.*

MARY L. COSTABILE

Washington, D.C.

Sir: It seems that the main cause of the conflict on female status in present-day society arises not so much from any question about the abilities of women as from the common tendency to forget that not all people are alike. While some women are perfectly happy in a full-time domestic life, others would be reduced to a state of near insanity by it, and are better off in the working world; still others, like Phyllis McGinley, are able to combine both. It would be nice if some day we could stop trying to force all women into

a common mold, either that of the homemaker or that of the career woman, but would judge each individual according to her ability instead.

JENNIFER BANKIER

Dundas, Ont.

Sir: We appreciate your restraint in not blue-penciling Phyllis McGinley's remarks about Bulwer-Lytton.

Having read his complete works, Miss McGinley nobly qualifies for honorary membership in our society, which we have proposed she accept. We thank TIME for introducing us to such a vocal Lyttonite.

PETER NOON

President

The Lytton Society
Ardmore, Pa.

Sir:

*O Phyllis McGinley my heroine be,
As I strive to become the quite possible*

*She
(For when writing of housewife you're
writing of me,
Wife of house, wife of husband and
mother of three.)*

*But now with your poems my thoughts
you've set free:*

*In my hand it's the future, not diapers,
As you see.*

(MRS.) JO ANNE SHOWALTER
Scotia, N.Y.

Personality Test

Sir: Contrary to TIME's [June 18] "Yes, I Believe I Am Being Followed," job applicants at the Export-Import Bank are not tested for their personality as a prerequisite for employment. Best evidence is the large variation in personalities here at the bank.

ADRIAN B. WAINWRIGHT
Agency Personnel Officer
Export-Import Bank of Washington
Washington, D.C.

Sir: If I were applying for a job with one of the Government agencies that test your personality via the MMPI quiz, upon receiving the test I would first scratch the tender top of my head, look around to see if someone was watching, then proceed to brood over my strange sex life, occasionally invoking the Devil while thinking bad, often terrible, words to fortify my strange and peculiar thoughts. Trying to be casual, I would then light a match, which is normal procedure before my daily conversation with God. After completing the quiz, I would leave the room (carefully using my new handkerchief on

the doorknob) and hurry home to repair the door latch.

FRED KLINE

San Francisco

Sir: As a former employee of the Department of State, I was delighted to learn that it is now using the latest scientific techniques in recruiting new personnel by testing the personality of job applicants. There are two points that need clarification. First, when confronted with such statements as "Someone has control over my mind," in the interest of fairness shouldn't there be three choices: True, False, and Don't Know? Secondly, in order to be accepted, must an applicant pass or flunk the test?

E. SIMMONS

Houston

Sir: As consultants who used the MMPI with Bonneville Power Administration personnel, our answer to the invasion-of-privacy argument is: Just as a banker must ask personal questions to evaluate a credit risk, so must an employer ask personal questions to evaluate an employment risk. If personality tests such as the MMPI invade privacy, so do security clearances, medical examinations, reference checks, lie detectors, police records and employment interviews.

FLOYD L. RUCH
President

Psychological Services Inc.
Los Angeles

McDivitt's Due

Sir: In TIME's June 11 article on the Gemini-4 flight, I note that James McDivitt attended "tiny" Jackson Junior College. We fall we will enroll about 2,250 students. We are no longer tiny. You say Major McDivitt was a "so-so" student; actually, he had a 3.4 grade point average and graduated with honors. Perhaps you would be interested in the complete statement on his college application form: "Although engineering appeals to me very much, I would rather be an explorer and novelist. The excitement of exploring and the peace and quiet of writing seem like the perfect combination." Major McDivitt has already had his exploration; perhaps the writing will come later.

GUINDER A. MYRAN
Assistant Registrar

Jackson Junior College
Jackson, Mich.

Sir: While your writer was obviously suffering from hypertension, the astronauts were in danger of experiencing orthostatic hypotension, not, as you printed, hypertension.

BARRY E. LEKNER, POD, D.
Rego Park, N.Y.

Commencement Talk

Sir: Your Essay "Commencement 1965: The Generational Conflict" [TIME, June 18], interested me greatly. It seems to me that the only way to contest the smug classification of commencement themes would be to assign the speeches to the poets and the artists, who would not repeat the clichéd coaxings and admonitions that you claim the young listener is not listening to. They would exercise their talents of originality, observation and illustration so that the listener may evaluate and re-evaluate his standards.

The artist is not a propagandist who may be regarded as having to support a certain Administration and its policies.

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Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THIS IS THE MONTH when millions of young people graduate: from grade school, from high school, from colleges and universities. And the tragedy is that so many of them look at graduation as an end rather than a beginning.

It is this subtle difference in outlook that will prevent so many of them, once their formal education is completed, from looking ahead to new "graduations," new levels of knowledge and development for the rest of their lives.

And it is precisely this attitude that plagues so much of business and industry today. There are many men at all levels who, for one reason or another, have "graduated" for the last time—before their time. They have stopped learning, ceased to look for new challenges, settled for outmoded answers.

Somehow they failed to learn that the development process must turn into a continuing self-development process, that it is not their company's responsibility to develop them, but to provide a climate that encourages self-development.

We find that putting the fewest possible restrictions on a man helps create such a climate. If he becomes restless within the definition of his assigned responsibilities, the "comer" will expand his value to the company within that defined level. It's a sure sign that he understands what self-development is, and that he is indeed taking advantage of the climate the company has created for him.

He is continuously "graduating" from an existing level to a new one. And he is the man who will be promoted to levels of increasing responsibility in our organization.

Current graduates might take note: we're always looking for more of his kind.

The April floods in the Minneapolis area are probably forgotten by now—at least by non-residents. As producers of valves, regulators and meters for gas transmission and distribution, we're in a position to appreciate the extent of the preparations made by the gas utilities that serve the population. While most of these plans for emergency service fortunately never had to be called into action, they nevertheless point up a key fact that for the most part is ignored much of the time: service is not simply a matter of providing a commodity under normal conditions; it is a matter of insuring a continuity of supply under the most severe conditions imaginable.

Down in Wilmington, North Carolina, they've got what may well be the world's largest "Thermos bottle." It holds seven million gallons, and it's as large as a seven-story building. This double-walled tank stores a liquid used in fertilizer production, anhydrous ammonia, and maintains it at a chilly —27°F. Two Rockwell-Nordstrom Multiport valves in the pressure relief system insure that no one can carelessly plug the "bottle" too tightly. In fact, these vapor relief valves make the system literally foolproof.

Builders will welcome a recent "think bigger" development from our Rockwell power tool design offices. It's a new, more powerful, heavy-duty circular saw with an 8½-inch blade. The new Rockwell Porter-Cable unit gives builders a wider selection of blade sizes and increased power for all types of cutting jobs. Failure-protected motors and a variety of operating and safety features make it fully compatible with its two companion models, one using a 6¾-inch blade, the other a 7¼-inch blade.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

or a university official who must enhance the reputation of his institution.

Why not break with tradition? Instead of the routine inspirational, let's have a showing of *Mundo Cane*.

SUSANNE KRISS

Baltimore

Sir: Now you do have me confused. I would have sworn that I gave the commencement address at San Fernando Valley State College this year. And I talked about computers too, although not nearly so poetically as James Dickey.

RAY A. BILLINGTON

Senior Research Associate

Henry F. Huntington Library & Art Gallery
San Marino, Calif.

► So you did, James Dickey, San Fernando's poet-in-residence, spoke at Pitzer College, Claremont, Calif.

Dry Demonstration

Sir: Any American citizen who would purposefully drain away our water supply [TIME, June 18] demonstrates an asinine irresponsibility. Like various protest movements today, this seems unrelated to the issue it purports to represent.

MRS. WESLEY THUM

Allston, Mass.

Rewarding Ministry

Sir: Thank you for the kind words about the ministers behind bars [TIME, June 18]. As one who functioned in that capacity for 18 years, I have witnessed the upgrading of chaplaincy programs among those who, although referred to as "offenders," are most frequently the "victims" of homelessness, churchlessness and joblessness.

The work of the minister behind bars is one of the most frustrating yet rewarding experiences that a clergyman can have.

(THE REV.) LESLIE F. WEBER

Secretary

Institutional Chaplaincy Services
The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod
St. Louis

Reczeched

Sir: Please correct your reference to Czechoslovakia in TIME's foreign law story [May 7]. U.S. citizens of Czechoslovak origin or descent do not usually have dual citizenship, and they and their U.S.-born children are not subject to arrest if they visit Czechoslovakia. No person, regardless of citizenship, is subject to arrest unless he violates Czechoslovak law. The status of dual citizenship is not a crime under Czechoslovak law.

Dr. JIRI MAJSAUR

Chief, Consular Division
Czechoslovak Embassy
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME, c/o LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 25, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 26

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Commitment

Six more battalions of U.S. combat troops, totaling 8,000 men, were being sent to South Viet Nam last week. To go with them were 13,000 support troops, all part of the buildup that will soon bring U.S. forces in South Viet Nam to 75,000—more than triple the number there just six months ago.

Also last week, 30 Strategic Air Command B-52 bombers took off from Guam, streaked 5,000 miles to rain 400 tons of high explosives upon a tiny strip of Viet Cong-held jungle. That sortie may have moot consequences (see THE WORLD), but day after day, other U.S. aircraft continued to plaster Communist targets both north and south of the 17th Parallel.

All this was part of the increasing U.S. involvement in the Vietnamese war. And as that involvement accelerated, so did the political debate about it, both in the U.S. and abroad.

Ominous Sounds. For months, that debate has been flaring in U.S. academic and intellectual circles, where the dissenters argue that the U.S. has no rightful role in Asia. Now the debate was expanding into political and diplomatic arenas, and it centered not so much on whether the U.S. should be in Viet Nam but upon the tactics of U.S. participation in the war.

For the first time, U.S. Republicans were making ominous sounds. Said Wisconsin's Melvin Laird, ranking G.O.P. member of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee: "We may be dangerously close to ending any Republican support of our present Viet Nam policy, because the American people do not know how far the Administration is prepared to go with large-scale use of ground forces in order to save face in Viet Nam." More importantly, said Laird, the G.O.P. might withdraw its backing of the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam if the President's real objective turned out to be merely "some sort of negotiated settlement that would include Communist elements in a coalition government."

Barry Goldwater, speaking to a convention of Young Republicans in Miami, said that increasing the number of U.S. troops involved in ground combat was not "an effective addition to

the war." Michigan's Governor George Romney, in Nashville for a commencement address, told reporters: "The President is taking a direct course in military action in Viet Nam. I think that is an unwise action from so great a distance."

Without an Unkind Word. On the Democratic side of the debate, Arkansas' William Fulbright, chairman of the

their essentials, but in all their specifications." What did that mean? In terms that the Communists could conceivably consider an "attractive alternative," absolutely nothing. The Geneva accords set up the boundary line between North and South Viet Nam; the Communists have constantly and consistently crossed that line in military aggressions. The Geneva accords also envisioned the day when North and South Viet Nam might be able to reunite under a freely elected government. But a free election is hardly possible in a country overrun by Communist troops.

Into the Act. A lot of other people were getting into the act. Among them was British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, so far a staunch defender of U.S. involvement. At a Commonwealth meeting in London last week, Wilson proposed that a delegation of Commonwealth Ministers go to Washington, Moscow, Peking, Hanoi and Saigon to strive for peace. Everybody was very polite about the idea; even President Johnson professed himself to be "delighted." But for a variety of reasons, the mission would probably never get off the ground.

President Johnson himself, weeks ago, disclosed his willingness to enter into "unconditional discussions" leading toward peace in Viet Nam. But he has also refused to negotiate with an enemy who refuses to negotiate except on his own absolute terms. North Viet Nam's President Ho Chi Minh is just such an enemy—and he finds considerable cause for optimism in the argumentation now going on within the U.S. and between the U.S. and its allies. Last week he was quoted in Pravda as saying: "The American imperialists see that their isolation is increasing with each passing day. They are subjected to ever-sharper criticism throughout the world, and even in the United States."

President Johnson is aware of that criticism, knows it does not represent a majority view, and says: "We all wish we could settle the differences by discussion and by reasoning them out, instead of by the way we are attempting to settle them." But under present circumstances, the differences cannot be "reasoned out." For, as the President has said many times before, it is tough to talk peace with an enemy who wants war.



Senate Foreign Relations Committee, made a speech from the Senate floor, lauding the President for his "steadfastness and statesmanship." Nevertheless, Fulbright said flatly that any "expansion of the war" would be most unwise. "Without saying a single unkind word about the Communist aggressors, Fulbright urged a negotiated settlement that would include "major concessions by both sides," insisted that the U.S. must somehow "offer the Communists a reasonable and attractive alternative to military victory."

Fulbright suggested "a return to the Geneva accords of 1954, not just in

The Use of Power With a Passion for Peace

[See Cover]

Seated around the massive mahogany table in the Cabinet Room of the White House, President Johnson and his top diplomatic and military advisers last week discussed the unsolved dilemmas of Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic. Midway through the meeting, McGeorge Bundy glanced at his watch, slid his chair back from the table and silently departed. The President, half amused and half annoyed, gazed after him. "There," he said, "goes my debater."

As it happened, McGeorge Bundy, 46, was off for two days of discussion and debate with Harvard faculty members and students about the current course of U.S. foreign policy. In recent months, while criticism of that policy has reached a crescendo, particularly in academic circles, Bundy has increasingly come to the fore not only as Johnson's debater but as a chief public articulator of U.S. aims and purposes.

The Galvanizing Words. This is not a role that he fancies. He would prefer to stay behind the scenes—or rather, below them, working out of a basement office in the White House. His title is Special Presidential Assistant for National Security Affairs. As such, he is the President's foremost personal analyzer, arranger and adviser on all matters touching the fields of foreign policy, defense and intelligence. Half a

dozen times each day, a red light on Bundy's telephone console flashes, and "Mac" picks up the receiver to hear L.B.J. ask: "What do you think about . . . ?" And dozens of times each day Bundy, in talking to others, utters the most galvanizing words in U.S. Government: "The President wants . . ." During the first days of the Dominican crisis, President Johnson, by his own count, talked to Bundy 86 times. It is probably safe to say that after each talk, Bundy passed the word to some high-ranking official that "The President wants . . ."

What brought Bundy out of the basement? Answer: the tide of professorial and otherwise scholarly criticism of President Johnson's stay-with-it policies in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic. At scores of colleges, professors who were unsympathetic to the Administration's policies staged "teach-ins"—which often turned into "drum-ins" of their own views. Students donned black armbands and hoisted protesting placards; some even took up collections for those oppressed farm boys, the Viet Cong. Into the act got such bleary-eyed outfits as the Filthy Speech Movement on the University of California's Berkeley campus, and the Sexual Freedom Movement at San Francisco State College. Just in case anyone wonders what the Sexual Freedom Movement might have to do with Viet Nam, Founder Jefferson Poland, 22, had an explanation: "People's lives are more important than sexual freedom."

The dissenters—backed by such respectable citizens as the editorialists of the New York Times and Senior Pundit Walter Lippmann—almost made it sound as if they spoke for the majority of Americans. No such thing: the latest Gallup poll showed that for every two citizens who want the U.S. to get out of Viet Nam, three favor its present policy there or want to escalate the war further; that 76% support U.S. military intervention in the Dominican Republic. Still, the decibel count of criticism is high, and Johnson is supersensitive to any sort of criticism. He therefore gave Bundy a go-ahead to answer the critics on their own home grounds.

"A Little Scary." To the job of Ambassador to Academe, McGeorge Bundy brings solid-gold credentials. A *summa cum laude* Yale graduate in mathematics, at 34 he became the first Yale-educated dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences. A compactly built man (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs.) with greying brown hair, his pink cheeks, furrowed brow and plastic-rimmed glasses give him the air of a slightly perplexed professor. A professor he has been, but there is not a pennyweight of perplexity in him. He is self-confident to the point of arrogance, intelligent to the point of intimidation. "I've always thought Mac was maybe a little scary to people when they first met him," says his oldest brother Harvey, 49, vice president of a seafood firm in Gloucester, Mass., "but very warm when you get to know him."

Family connections have given Bundy a remarkable range of contacts. His mother is related to the Lowells; his father was secretary to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, served for seven years as an assistant to Henry L. Stimson. Older Brother William P. Bundy, 47, is a 14-year Government veteran who was Allen Dulles' deputy at CIA for nearly ten years, later headed a 360-man shop at the Pentagon as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, is now the State Department's Far Eastern expert. At the Pentagon, Bill occupied an office in the outermost "E" ring just down the hall from where his father once worked for Stimson. Now, in the State Department, Bill is a seasoned pro and is in a position to give Mac, the gifted amateur, sound advice on any sensitive subject. Bill is married to former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's daughter Mary. And there is also a Bundy link with the clan Kennedy, though admittedly a very slender one: Mac's younger sister Katharine, 41, is the wife of New Jersey Physician Hugh Auchincloss, a first cousin once removed of Jacqueline Kennedy's stepfather.

A Certain Inconsistency. In his current capacity as public advocate of the Administration's foreign policies, McGeorge Bundy has in his favor the fact that, as a student in pre-World War II days, he was exposed to—and agreed with—the strongly interventionist views



ADVISERS McNAMARA, RUSK & BUNDY WITH JOHNSON
Up from the basement to defend a stay-with-it stance.

of most of his college professors, who insisted that the U.S. had a duty to go to war against Nazism and Fascism. This puts him in an ideal position to point out the inconsistency of the professors' present isolationist position. In an essay published in 1940, when he was all of 21 and fresh out of Yale, Bundy wrote that "though war is evil, it is occasionally the lesser of two evils."

With a visible villain like Hitler afoot, it seemed clear that war was then the lesser evil—a supposition with which the professors and their liberal allies heartily agreed. Today, faced with a totalitarianism of the left rather than the right, and with less identifiable villains, the liberals have swapped sides with the isolationists. The extent to which this is true is sometimes astonishing. In a recent debate on Viet Nam policy at the University of Wisconsin, for example, a liberal graduate student commented in all earnestness that the U.S. need not worry about the Chinese Communists' taking over Southeast Asia because "we can defend our United States from within our own shores."

Bundy's initial reaction to such comments was one of wintry scorn. When 127 Washington University faculty members invited him to St. Louis to answer a few pejorative questions—such as "Who is the enemy?"—he not only cut them cold, but did so in a scathing critical letter. (Although he would not take back a syllable of that letter, he now regrets having sent it, since it only served to stir up more campus criticism.) Last month, when at the last moment he was ordered to go to Santo Domingo and was therefore forced to cancel a scheduled television debate, he sent his regrets along with a swipe at the critics. "I think many of these critics have been wrong in earlier moments of stress and danger," he said, "and I think many of them misunderstand the hard realities of this dangerous world."

In His Element. It was in that same spirit that Bundy last week ducked out of the top-level White House meeting and headed for Harvard to take part in a panel discussion on U.S. foreign policy. It was held in Lowell Lecture Hall, where Bundy used to conduct his popular course, Government 185—"The U.S. in World Politics." More than a thousand people, many of them old acquaintances, packed the hall. And when the discussion got going, Bundy spoke with the ease and confidence of a man in his element.

He did not attempt to underplay the gravity of events in Viet Nam. "The situation is serious, dangerous and difficult," he said. "But I do not believe it is hopeless." There will be "more Americans in South Viet Nam," he went on, because "in light of the Vietnamese effort and their sacrifice, it is somewhat too soon for America to pull the plug. We have to stay with it." If Viet Nam fell, he added, "there would be a great weakening in the free societies in their ability to withstand Communism."



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF LIBERALS THEN & NOW
"We have to lead in the search for peace."

On the rain-slicked sidewalk outside, students picketed with placards reading BUNDY NO. 1 DROPOUT (referring to his absence from the televised debate) and WHEN WILL BUNDY PAY FOR HIS WAR CRIMES? Inside, hostile questions flew at Bundy, and of themselves drew applause. "Perhaps," said Bundy after one such outburst, "I could have a chance to answer the questions before they are applauded." When Bundy declared that the Viet Cong holds sway over Vietnamese peasants through force and terror, a long hiss came from the middle of the auditorium. "That interesting noise is not an argument," Bundy said. "Let us go on."

Talk turned to the Dominican Republic, and one professor wanted to know why the U.S. had chosen to support a "political primitive" and "rascal" like General Antonio Imbert Barreras. In such fast-moving and complex situations, Bundy patiently explained, it was difficult to find a man who had "the virtue of Pericles."

The Four Strands. At Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa exercises the following day, Bundy the Arguer became Bundy the Articulator. Hunched over the lectern in musty, dusty Sanders Theater, he spoke without a text, only occasionally referred to notes written on a yellow legal pad in his cramped southpaw hand—a handwriting so small that his White House secretaries use magnifying glasses to read it.

"I have been unable to get it out of my mind," he began, "that it was just 25 years ago this spring that we were drawn from isolation into engagement." That "garish spring," he said, had been

"the watershed of our modern history." From it emerged the four great strands that have shaped the fabric of the past quarter-century. As Bundy put them, they are: 1) an acceptance by the U.S. of the responsibilities of world power, 2) a dedication by the U.S. to "the purpose of peace," 3) a "commitment of concern" by the U.S. for the needs and aspirations of other nations, 4) a U.S. awareness of the "reality of Communism."

All four strands are interwoven, said Bundy, and any attempt to deal with one of them by itself threatens the whole fabric. A case in point was the late Senator Joe McCarthy, who in making anti-Communism the touchstone of truth impeded "the actual understanding of the reality of Communism."

Bundy recalled that this would have been the year of John F. Kennedy's 25th reunion at Harvard, and he speculated about what the late President might have said on the occasion. Perhaps, said Bundy, it would have gone something like this: "We must hold to one another across the generations and not allow misunderstandings or specific arguments to separate us. America can do nothing if it is not together, and she is not much if she is not in touch with the hopes of others. One must have a passion for peace, respect for power, awareness of friends. He might even have said, 'Now the trumpet summons us again.'"

Heart of the Matter. This is a favorite theme of Bundy's. "Very near the heart of all foreign affairs," he wrote 14 years ago in a preface to a collec-



BUNDY & HARVARD STUDENTS

Serious, dangerous and difficult—but not hopeless.

tion of Dean Acheson's state papers, "is the relationship between policy and military power."

With its immense power, he says, the U.S. is repeatedly faced with the crucial choice of when to use it and when to withhold it, when to act and when not to act. Yet there are all too many men, he believes, who are reluctant "to give full weight to the role of power and its necessity in the world's affairs."

Again, in a memorial speech last month at Franklin Roosevelt's grave site in Hyde Park, Bundy said: "We cannot have peace without power, and power alone does not make peace. We cannot limit ourselves to one objective at a time. We, like Caesar, have all things to do at once. And this is hard. In Viet Nam today we have to share in the fighting; we have to lead in the search for peace; and we have to respond, in all that we do, to the real needs and hopes of the people of Viet Nam."

Noise Level. Bundy's keen appreciation of the legitimate uses of power was nurtured in an extraordinary family that has long been accustomed to authority. His mother, now 74, traces her lineage practically to Plymouth Rock, is a niece of longtime Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell and Poetess Amy Lowell. His father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., but managed to overcome that handicap and break into Boston's upper stratum by means of a brilliant marriage and an equally brilliant law career.

"We grew up in a happy, normal family," says Bundy's sister, Mrs. G. d'Andelot Belin, wife of a Boston lawyer, "with perhaps a higher noise level than some." The five Bundy children, says Boston Attorney Elliot Richardson, who knew Bundy at Harvard, grew

up as part of "the American Establishment, if there is one. These are people who are used to thinking in terms of what the problem is in the most pragmatic, clearheaded, analytical terms."

Bill Bundy was in Jack Kennedy's class at the Dexter School in suburban Brookline, and Mac was a year behind. Still a year apart, Bill and Mac won top honors at Groton, where Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, were tapped by Eli's most elite senior society, Skull and Bones.

When World War II broke out, Mac enlisted as an army private after memorizing an optometrist's chart so that his poor eyesight wouldn't keep him out. He became an officer, was assigned as a military aide to Admiral Alan G. Kirk. In wartime London, Bill Bundy recalls, Mac knew all the right people. "He went to Harold Laski's soirees on Tuesday night and Lady Astor's on the weekend. It was a balanced ticket."

Critic John Mason Brown, a cabin mate of Mac Bundy's aboard Kirk's flagship the *Augusta* during the Normandy landings, recalls that even then Mac was hardly the shy type. "On D-plus-one," said Brown, "I was summoned to the admiral's quarters and all the brass were having breakfast, including General Bradley. Mac was there too—the lowly lieutenant. Bradley was explaining some invasion move, and at one point he said, 'And then we go in here.' Mac said—in effect—'No we don't.' And Bradley accepted it."

Too Cold for Comfort. Mustered out in 1945 as a captain with a Bronze Star, Bundy spent 18 months helping former Secretary of War Henry Stimson write his memoirs, *On Active Service in Peace and War*. The book's closing lines, addressed to younger generations, remain strikingly relevant: "Let them learn from our adventures what they can. Let them charge us with our failures

and do better in their turn. But let them not turn aside from what they have to do, nor think that criticism excuses inaction."

In 1949, Bundy began lecturing at Harvard, in four years was dean. While at Harvard, he met Rudcliffe's associate dean of admissions, Mary Buckminster Lethrop, proposed to her after two dates, and married her in 1950. "Until he met her, he was a little too cold for comfort, too brilliant for endurance," says John Mason Brown. "She's softened him."

As dean, Bundy was known as a fine administrator and lecturer, played a key role in President Nathan Pusey's famed "Program for Harvard College," which extracted \$83 million from alumni, businesses and foundations. One philanthropic organization that was not always as openhanded as Bundy would have liked was the Rockefeller Foundation. Shortly after John Kennedy was elected President, Mac told the President-elect: "I admit I have an interest in seeing Dean Rusk as Secretary of State. It would get him out as head of the Rockefeller Foundation."

As it happened, Bundy was also under consideration for a high State Department job, but when Kennedy offered to make him the Deputy Under-Secretary for Administration, Bundy turned the job down. "Too much like being dean again," he said. Finally Bundy accepted the position of Special Presidential Assistant for National Security.

Threading the Needle. There is no neat way to describe the powers and functions of this job. As Bundy himself says, it is "the despair of charismatics." But Budget Bureau Executive Assistant Director William D. Carey, whose job is to analyze administrative operations, has summed it up this way:

"The Bundy group works with a minimum of paperwork, keeping their fingers on the troublesome points of defense and foreign policy, being sure they are in the stream of intelligence but in no sense in the line between the President and the heads of State or Defense. Bundy is a convener and a catalyst, certainly active rather than passive, alert to spotting gaps in the fabric of national security planning and, if you will, quick in 'threading the needle' to close them."

Ghostly Week. Bundy sees it as a "staff officer's" job, designed to "extend the range and enlarge the direct effectiveness" of the President. No matter how efficient the executive departments may be, he explains, "there remains a crushing burden of responsibility and of sheer work on the President himself." This work must be done, "to the extent that he cannot do it himself, by staff officers under his direct oversight."

At first Bundy relished the bubbling excitement and personal power that the job gave him. "Why don't you come and join the fun?" he asked a former Harvard colleague in the early days.

Then came the Bay of Pigs, and Bundy, who had wholeheartedly supported the abortive effort, recalls it as a "ghastly week." But he regained his footing, and by the time the 1962 Cuban missile crisis unfolded, he was sufficiently sure of himself to set up "ExCom," the task force that ran the Cuba operation, largely from his own Situation Room in the White House basement.

At the time of Kennedy's assassination, Bundy was recognized as one of the genuinely important officials in the foreign-policy field. When Lyndon Johnson returned from Dallas on Nov. 22, he invited three men from the crowd that met him at Andrews Air Force Base to join him in the helicopter flight to the south lawn of the White House—McNamara, Under Secretary of State George Ball (Rusk was out of the country) and Bundy.

Stressful Months. But Bundy's first days with Lyndon added up, in his own words, to "a stressful three months." Early in the transition period, Bundy, as he had always felt free to do with Kennedy, poked his head into the oval office while Lyndon was conferring with Henry Cabot Lodge. He got a blistering rebuke. "Goddammit, Bundy," snapped the President, "I've told you that when I want you I'll call you."

Johnson was not exactly sure of what to do with the Bundy operation. He found out soon enough. During the Panama crisis in January 1964, Bundy was off in Antigua on vacation. The President did not summon him back, but he gradually became aware that the memos on national security were not so crisply phrased, the advice was not so succinct and pointed as when Bundy was around. From that time on, Bundy had President Johnson's full confidence. And when Bundy routinely submitted his resignation after Johnson was elected in his own right in 1964, he got it back with a notation: "Why do you do things like this? Stop it."

A measure of Bundy's current value to the President was his role in the Dominican crisis. From the first, he was in the thick of it. He took charge of a high-level committee of Pentagon, State Department and CIA men that met every morning for weeks in his Situation Room to ride herd on day-by-day developments in Santo Domingo. It was Bundy who came up with the idea of establishing a U.S. "line of communication" as a buffer between rebel and junta forces in the city.

Then, last month, the man behind the scenes became the man on the scene. On orders from the President, he flew to the Dominican capital with three other high-ranking U.S. officials to see whether a compromise government could be pasted together that would satisfy both sides. Bundy spent ten busy days sounding out officials, learned that the man Washington had in mind to head the government had no real support and could offer no guarantees against Communist domination. The mis-



PICKETS AT HARVARD

"Let them learn from our adventures what they can."

sion was unsuccessful, but not for lack of trying.

Gored—but Good. As a Boston Brahmin in a Texas corral (half of Johnson's twelve special assistants are Texans), Bundy is far from Johnson's in-group. But he is fascinated, almost transfixed by the President's elemental energy and earthiness. He recognizes Johnson as the political supreme, and he has come a long way from the days when he thought of politics as a grubby little game. "A politician's life is like a bull-fighter's," Bundy now says. "The bull can get him any day."

Sure enough, in his only venture into domestic politics in recent years, Bundy got gored—but good. Self-confident as ever, he decided to try to untangle the messy brawl for the 1964 Democratic vice-presidential nomination. First he told Lyndon that he thought Bobby Kennedy would make a fine running mate, was naive enough to suggest that the two might work well together. After Lyndon thumbed Bobby down for the job, Bundy called Bobby and urged him to announce that he had voluntarily withdrawn from the running. That only made Bobby mad. "I'm afraid he hasn't been a very good friend," said Bobby later. Now, Bundy wisely sticks to foreign affairs.

Mary Mac & Mary Bill. Bundy routinely works twelve-hour days. He rises at 7:15 or so each morning in his home in Washington's Spring Valley section, bolts his four-minute eggs and coffee, scans the morning papers and chats with Mary (known as "Mary Mac" to distinguish her from another Mrs. Bundy, "Mary Bill"). Occasionally he drops three of his sons off at Washington's St. Albans School; the fourth son entered Groton last year.

By 8:15, Bundy is at his spare, functional desk, whittling down the volumi-

nous overnight traffic of cables, memos, reports. The 9 a.m. meetings with his dozen or so aides move with Bundy-esque brusqueness. A recent exchange:

Aide: I'm not sure this is the right thing to do.

Bundy: The President is.

Aide: I haven't really thought this through yet, but . . .

Bundy: Don't.

One Engine. When the current spate of campus debates and special missions for the President ends, Bundy is determined to retreat from public view. But he is sure to surface again, for his shop is a kind of crisis center, and there has been no shortage of crises in the past 44 years—from Laos, Cuba and Berlin under Kennedy, to Panama, Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic under Johnson.

Then, as now, Bundy will be acting strictly as the President's man, advising rather than advocating, implementing rather than innovating. So far as his own views are concerned, he tells friends that he has had only "marginal differences" with both Kennedy and Johnson, now finds himself "in strong general agreement" with Lyndon's views. If he were not, he says, he would have quit long ago.

Close as he is to it, Bundy remains awed by the institution of the presidency—no matter who happens to be occupying it at the moment. "This country of ours, which is almost ungovernable, has only one engine," he says. "That is the presidency. If it doesn't go, there's nothing." He is dedicated to the idea of keeping that engine revved up for the sake not only of the U.S. but of all nations. For as Bundy sees it, the U.S. is the only great power in "the full 20th century sense" of the term that is on freedom's side—and without freedom, there is nothing.

THE PRESIDENCY

"I Need to Talk"

"Why don't you all come in my office after lunch and we'll have a—what do you call it—an impromptu press conference," said the President to White House reporters one morning last week.

At 4:10 that afternoon, 150 newsmen stood shoulder to shoulder in the oval office for one hour and 33 minutes while Lyndon Johnson, not inhibited by the presence of television, lounged comfortably behind his desk—and talked on and on and on about every subject under the moon.

First, the President urged those in the back of the room to speak up if

business of selecting mayors for any cities." He discussed other nations' non-payment of U.N. debts ("We are very concerned"), the exchange of information between U.S. and Soviet atomic scientists ("It has furthered our hope that science can serve as a common ground between East and West"), and reductions in Government employees ("down something like over 4,000"). Among other subjects covered:

- **CRITICISM OF U.S. POLICY IN VIET NAM.** The President recalled a story once told to him by Louisiana's Huey Long. It was about a farmer who couldn't sleep at night because of "frogs barking in the pond." The farmer was so irked by the noise that finally "he went out and

don't intend to, but we are not going to be hurried ourselves."

- **THE BALANCE-OF-PAYMENTS PROBLEM.** Administration efforts to cut the flow of dollars through Government spending abroad have slashed the net balance-of-payments drain from federal expenditures by 23%, or \$635 million, since June 1963. By 1967 those costs will drop another 13%. "These improvements," said the President, "have been obtained without sacrificing essential U.S. commitments abroad."

- **BUDGET DEFICITS.** June estimates indicated that tax revenues were going to be \$1.6 billion higher than anticipated for the fiscal year ending June 30, and that federal spending would be down about \$900 million from what was predicted. Said Johnson: "The budget deficit, therefore, will be only \$3.8 billion—which is \$2.5 billion less than the \$6.3 billion we estimated in our January budget. I know this is good news to all of you who look forward, as we do, to a balanced budget in the years ahead. I said plural—years."

- **ON JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.** Two vacancies on the nine-judge Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals—a key court in civil rights cases because it includes Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—will be filled "very shortly" by an old Johnson friend, Texan Homer Thornberry, and by a former Mississippi Governor (1956-60), James P. Coleman. Thornberry, a federal district judge in Austin since 1963, succeeded Johnson in the House of Representatives in 1948 when Lyndon was elected a Senator. In the House, he was a Johnson-Rayburn-type moderate. Coleman is a segregationist—but far from a rabid redneck. He was a supporter of John Kennedy, lost a 1963 attempt to return to the governorship after his opponents labeled him "a weak sister trying to find the middle ground on segregation." Thornberry will replace retired Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson Jr., who usually voted with the pro-civil rights bloc on the court, and Coleman will replace the late Judge Ben F. Cameron, a strong segregationist. Thus the 5 to 4 edge held in the past by pro-integrationists on the court will likely remain.

Festival of the Arts

From museums in 40 states came 39 paintings and 26 sculptures, and from the elite in the worlds of art, literature, photography, dance, music and drama came some 400 guests—a collection of art works and talent that could not begin to be measured in monetary terms. Lady Bird Johnson opened the affair with a gracious little speech: "A festival is a time for feasting, and there is a rich feast indeed before us today. The arts will be presented in many forms, all of which are warmly welcome in this house."

Bronze Nude & Car Bumpers. The house, of course, was the White House, and the occasion was that extraordinary



JOHNSON AT PRESS CONFERENCE

An extraordinarily uninhibited what-do-you-call-it.

they could not hear. But when a woman correspondent complained, "Sir, we don't hear a word," the President bawled back jocularly, "Good!" Later, with a grin, he admonished the newsmen: "Now won't you all quit writing these stories—'Won't anybody say no to L.B.J.' Because I have more people running around here saying no." The President read prepared statements for nearly half an hour, then set a 20-minute limit on the question-and-answer period. But when the time was up, he said buoyantly, "I'll give you five more minutes because I need to talk." He did—for a lot more than five minutes.

He announced that Army Secretary Stephen Ailes, appointed in January 1964, would resign July 1, and that Under Secretary Stanley R. Resor would replace him (TIME, May 28). He spoke of the hopes of former Commerce Under Secretary Franklin Roosevelt Jr. in the New York mayoralty race: "He performed a very valuable service to this Administration, but I am not in the

drained the pond and killed both frogs." Said the President: "We aren't going to kill anybody, but we recognize the frogs and the ponds and they keep us awake sometimes. That is the freedom we love." Johnson added, "I have been around Congress too long—35 years—not to understand that there are going to be different viewpoints."

- **THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.** When a reporter from the Polish newspaper Trybuna Ludu asked Johnson for his assessment of the situation, the President clenched a fist, glared at the newsmen and said: "Some 1,500 innocent people were murdered and shot, and their heads cut off, and six Latin American embassies were violated and fired upon over a period of four days before we went in. We didn't start that. We didn't intervene. We didn't kill anyone. We didn't violate any embassies. We were not the perpetrators, but after we saw what had happened we took the necessary precautions, as I have said so often, and as I repeat again: 'We do not want to bury anyone. We

Festival of the Arts. Hung on the walls of a ground-floor White House corridor was Peter Hurd's carefully representational *Nito Herrera in Springtime*, and right next to that was Avant-Garde Artist Jasper Johns' *Target with Four Faces*, an eerie encaustic on newspaper fixed onto canvas. Down the corridor, in the space traditionally occupied by a life-size portrait of President Millard Fillmore, was Mark Rothko's shimmering abstract *Ochre and Red on Red*.

Outside, amid the purple petunias in the new Jacqueline Kennedy Garden was sculpture, including Oronzio Maldarelli's simple bronze nude, *Branca II*; down on the south lawn was Jason Seely's *Masculine Presence*, constructed from motorcar humpers.

During the 13 hours of the festival, Robert Joffrey's lithe young dancers performed on the premises, and Mr. Edward K. Ellington (as Duke's invitation read) led his 15-piece band. Catherine Drinker Bowen read a passage from *Yankee from Olympus*, her memorable biography of Mr. Justice Holmes. It had to do with the thrills felt by Holmes's wife Fanny upon her arrival in Washington and her first dinner at the White House, where she was enthusiastically greeted by President Theodore Roosevelt. Mrs. Bowen had had some qualms about picking that particular passage; it might, she thought, be rather sentimental, while other festival readers would likely select passages of much more "social significance." But having thought it all over, Mrs. Bowen decided, "What the hell," and recited her own favorite.

Troublesome Poets. With the help of Mrs. Bowen and many others, the festival was a smashing success—up to a point. Trouble was, throughout the day the artists kept getting themselves sidetracked from art and into the issue of U.S. foreign policy, particularly as it pertains to Viet Nam.

Weighing heavily upon everyone's mind was the fact that Poet Robert Lowell had refused an invitation because, he explained, his attendance might be mistaken for personal approval of President Johnson's Viet Nam policies.

Thus Mark Van Doren opened the guests' presentation of readings from their own prose and poetry with a plea for "honoring the scruples of a fine poet who, in his own terms, was 'conscience-bound' to stay away." Author John Hersey prefaced his reading from *Hiroshima* with these words: "I read these passages on behalf of the great number of citizens who have become alarmed in recent weeks by the sight of fire begetting fire. Let these words be a reminder. The step from one degree of violence to the next is imperceptibly taken, and cannot be taken back. The end point of these little steps is horror and oblivion . . . Wars have a way of getting out of hand."

In a much cheerier tone, Phyllis McGinley (*TIME* Cover, June 18) read

her poem *In Praise of Diversity*, ended it with some newly minted last lines:

*And while the pot of culture's
bubblesome,*

*Praise poets even when they're
troublesome.*

Critic Dwight Macdonald spent most of his time soliciting signatures on a petition proclaiming: "We share Mr. Lowell's dismay at our country's recent actions in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic." From the 400 guests, Macdonald got only seven signatures.* The others were either embarrassed or outraged. "Adolescent," snapped Author Ralph Ellison. Fumed Painter Peter Hurd: "It's just plain uncivilized." Macdonald was unimpressed. "I came

ARMED FORCES

The Airmobile Division

Defense Secretary McNamara sounded like a proud father. "I have," he told newsmen, "today authorized the Army to organize a new division, the Airmobile Division." To be organized at Fort Benning, Ga., the new 16,000-man outfit will be ready for action by mid-August. Said McNamara: "It places the Army on the threshold of an entirely new approach to the conduct of land battle."

Airmobile combat troops, their artillery and ground vehicles, will be flown into combat by the division's 400 huge LOH, Chinook and Iroquois helicop-



GUESTS, GARDEN & SCULPTURE ON WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

A rich feast, slightly sidetracked.

here," he said, "to make trouble politically. I'm the bad fairy come to the christening."

"No Political Weapon." For the most part, President Johnson was notable by his absence from the festival. Toward sunset he appeared to make a brief speech. Said he: "Your art is not a political weapon; yet much of what you do is profoundly political. For you seek out the common pleasures and visions, the terrors and cruelties of man's day on this planet, and I would hope you would help dissolve the barriers of hatred and ignorance, which are the source of so much of our pain and danger."

Whereupon the President returned to his office, leaving the artists to have dinner and partake of champagne until 11:35 p.m.

* According to Macdonald: Sculptors Isamu Noguchi, Herbert Ferber and Peter Voulkos, Painter Willem de Kooning, *Art News* Executive Editor Thomas Hess, Brandeis University Museum Director Sam Hunter, and Library of Congress Poetry Consultant Read Whittemore.

ters. The division will have six twin-engine Grumman OV-1 Mohawks with infra-red scanning devices, radar and cameras for reconnaissance duty. One of the division's three brigades will be trained as paratroopers.

Based in the U.S., the Airmobile Division will be ready to move at a moment's notice to any trouble spot in the world—and get there within a matter of hours, using Air Force C-130s to carry all men and equipment except the largest helicopters, which will be flown in giant C-133 turboprop cargo planes. The U.S. already has airfields in South Viet Nam and Thailand capable of handling such planes.

The Airmobile Division will have little armor and therefore not much staying power in battle. But it should make up for that with its mobility and fast striking force. It will, said McNamara, be "capable of conducting operations in all types of terrain. It can react quickly and maneuver rapidly over large areas. It can reconnoiter, screen wide fronts, delay hostile forces, and

conduct raids behind enemy lines. The division is particularly effective in locating and maintaining contact with the enemy." In other words, it seemed tailor-made for Viet Nam.

CONGRESS

Work Done

Last week the Congress:

► Passed, in the House, an Administration bill to create a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development. The vote was 217 to 184, comfortable enough for practical purposes but the closest squeeze of the year for one priority proposal for the Great Society. The bill now goes to the Senate, where its prospects are favorable. It would elevate to departmental status the Housing and Home Finance Agency and make its head man a Cabinet member. The present HHFA chief, Robert Weaver, a Negro, is the leading prospect for the new post.

► Passed a bill to cut federal excise taxes by \$4.63 billion over the next 31 years. Effective the day after the President signs the bill this week will be cuts of some \$1.75 billion, including a reduction to 7% of the 10% tax on cars (retroactive to May 15) and total repeal of the 10% tax on the retail price of jewelry, furs, cosmetics, toiletries, luggage, handbags, and the 10% tax on the manufacturer's price of air conditioners (also retroactive), business machines, sporting goods, phonograph records, musical instruments, television sets, radios, phonographs, photographic equipment and film (see U.S. BUSINESS).

► Approved, by a 68-to-20 vote in the Senate, a \$3.24 billion foreign aid-authorization bill. Two major differences between the Senate bill and the House version remain to be ironed out in conference committee: the Senate, in an attempt to avoid a time-consuming annual legislative hassle, proposed that the same program be authorized for two years, not just one; the Senate also voted for the establishment of a 16-man committee to re-examine the entire aid program, with the thought of tying amount of aid to a percentage of the U.S. gross national product.

► Approved, in the House Armed Services Committee, a \$1 billion pay raise for the military, more than double the Administration request. The raises would average 10.7%, compared with Administration-sought increases of 4.8%. For the first time since 1952, the largest increases would go to enlisted men and junior officers.

► Passed, in the Senate, a bill requiring that cigarette packages and cartons carry a warning: "Caution: Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health." A provision added to the bill, however, would prohibit the Federal Trade Commission and local or state governments from requiring any warning in cigarette advertisements during the next three years.

DEMOCRATS

"Me & Screvane"

Of New York City's 2,378,000 registered Democrats, only three, as of last weekend, had officially declared themselves as candidates to succeed retiring Mayor Robert Wagner. Of these, only one could be considered a truly serious possibility: City Council President Paul R. (for Rogers) Screvane, 50, a professional public servant who knows the city right down to the bottom of its garbage cans.

A Bronx boy, Screvane is of Italian and Irish parentage, went to Mississippi State University on an athletic scholarship. He is still a physical culturist, enjoys performing deep knee-bends while standing on one foot. He left school after one year, became a city garbage-truck driver at \$30 a week. He worked his way up to the \$25,000-a-year job of sanitation commissioner. It was from that post that Bob Wagner,

assured of his own party's nomination, Screvane went on the offensive against Republican Nominee John Lindsay, attacking him as a "socialite, silk-stocking Congressman" and as "the boss-backed candidate of the Republicans, who masquerades as an independent."

Screvane's most formidable opposition seems to be Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., 50, until last month the U.S. Under Secretary of Commerce, and since then Chairman of the Equal Opportunity Commission, created under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. No sooner had Wagner announced his decision not to run again than Roosevelt eagerly announced his availability. But he also declared himself loath to participate in an untidy party primary, and he was obviously waiting to be coaxed into the scramble.

Memory Lane. So far, the coaxers consist largely of Harlem's Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell. Other New Yorkers recall Franklin's five years in Congress, where his absenteeism was to become a campaign issue in 1954. Republican Jacob Javits flattened him in their contest for state attorney general, which prompted Columnist Murray Kempton to write last week: "Roosevelt and his sponsors must hope that enough people remember his father and mother, and have forgotten him." Paul Screvane was much milder. Said he of Frank Jr.: "He is a very decent fellow, but I don't know how much he knows about the city of New York."

As for Frank Jr., his public appraisal of the situation was: "I think it narrows down to me and Screvane."

REPUBLICANS

The Splinters

Barry Goldwater, looking fit and in fighting trim, announced that he will run in 1968 for the U.S. Senate, even if it means contesting his old friend and former colleague, Democratic Incumbent Carl Hayden, now 87 and, with 38 years on the job, the Senate's senior member. Two days later, Barry had another announcement to make. He was, he said, accepting the honorary chairmanship of a brand-new national organization called the Free Society Association. Its aim: to launch a "crusade of political education" about Goldwater-type conservatism. Said Barry: "We feel there are millions of people who don't understand what we conservatives are talking about."

Working president of the association will be Arizona Lawyer Denison Kitchel, who managed Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign. Said Kitchel: "We're hoping for a grass-roots movement—not 50,000 or so people who are getting a newsletter, but 400,000 to 500,000 persons who may contribute from \$2,000,000 to \$2,500,000. This is not a game of peanuts."

Since the roof fell in last November, what the Republican Party needs least of all is splinters. But Goldwater's out-



CANDIDATE SCREVAINE & FAMILY
From the garbage cans up.

in 1961, appointed him deputy mayor, then picked him as a running mate. In New York, the city council president is something like a vice president. What Wagner mainly wanted was a No. 2 man who would take on some of the unpleasant chores that the mayor himself was either unwilling, or politically unable, to undertake.

Screvane filled that bill, made himself a good many enemies by, among other things, acting as the city's tough guy against civil rights demonstrators who were, however righteous their cause, violating city ordinances.

A Matter of Heart. Starting his campaign for the September primary, Screvane moved into Manhattan's heavily Jewish garment district, accompanied by Humorist Harry Hershfield. O.K., cried Hershfield, so maybe Screvane is of Italian-Irish descent and married to Limerick-born Bridie McKessy—but "he has a Jewish heart." Although by no means

fit is just one of many new G.O.P. splinter groups. Among the others:

► **United Republicans of America** is dedicated to electing conservative Republicans by national fund-raising and organization of committees down to the precinct level. U.R.A. will concentrate on areas that normally elect liberal Democrats. D. Bruce Evans, a former official of the Ohio Chamber of Commerce who organized U.R.A., says of Goldwater's F.S.A.: "I think the time for conservative education is past. It's time for political action."

► **The American Conservative Union** sets itself a proselytizing mission, to develop and articulate the conservative position on major issues. William Buckley, John Chamberlain, Lewis Strauss and Arthur Radford are among the leading members. It resembles the new Goldwater group. But A.C.U. Chairman Donald Bruce says: "We're not being swallowed by anybody."

► **Republicans for Progress** is at the liberal end of the splinter spectrum, aspires to election-year action and perennial idea production. It will assist individual candidates of whom it approves while generating programs it hopes to sell to the party as a whole. Its chairman is Charles P. Taft, brother of the late "Mr. Republican" and the most liberal of the Ohio Tafts.

No matter how legitimate their aims, the splinter groups can only add up to a headache for those trying to reunify the Republican Party. National Chairman Ray Bliss recently ordered his finance committee to withhold its contributor lists from splinter organizations. Then, after the Goldwater announcement, Bliss angrily spoke out on the touchy subject. "When you have side movements," he said, "they certainly aren't helpful. I believe we should be presenting a united front."

GEORGIA

Legislative Change

Less than four years ago, Georgia House Speaker George L. Smith looked up to the balcony and didn't like what he saw. "Mr. Doorkeeper," yelled Smith, "get those niggers out of the white section of the gallery!" Eight Negroes were ejected.

Last week, in a special election held as a result of court-induced legislative reapportionment, two of those same Negroes were back—this time as duly elected state representatives. And they brought with them six others. These, along with two Negroes already serving in the senate, gave Georgia more Negroes in its legislature than any other state in the Union save Pennsylvania, also with ten, and Michigan, with eleven.

This represented quite a change—as did the fact that Republicans, who for decades rated only slightly higher than Negroes in Georgia politics, more than tripled their number in the 205-member house, from seven to 22.



GEMINI 4 ASTRONAUTS & VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY IN PARIS

With weightless ease.

HEROES

Tumult on Earth

While Gemini 4 was in one of its last revolutions around the earth, Command Pilot Jim McDivitt allowed as how he and Co-Pilot Ed White were a little tired but feeling fit. From Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, Gemini 3 Astronaut John Young joked that the tough party would come back on earth.

Last week McDivitt and White learned what Young meant, as they orbited through a series of tumultuous receptions that ran the gamut of a hero's homecoming—from brass bands to bronze medals to a free trip to Paris. Both took it with weightless ease.

"Call Me 'Doctor,'" After a cordial reception in Houston early in the week, the pair zipped off to Chicago. No fewer than a million whooping people jammed curbstones and upper-floor windows and let fly with a blizzard of ticker tape that all but buried McDivitt and White as they rode in a parade down State Street and Michigan Avenue. That over, the astronauts flew to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where each was solemnly awarded a newly created honorary degree—a doctorate of astronautical science. Already both had been nominated by the President for promotion from major to lieutenant colonel, and after receiving his new degree, Ed White quipped: "I can hardly get used to people calling me 'Colonel'—and I know in a million years I'll never get used to people calling me 'Doctor.'"

After separate trips to their home towns for more welcome-back festivities, McDivitt and White arrived in Washington. In a White House garden ceremony, the President pinned on both

the National Aeronautics and Space Administration Exceptional Service Medal—the agency's second highest award (the highest, the Distinguished Service Medal, was given only to the first six astronauts).

"Share the Thrills," Lyndon praised the pair publicly as "the Christopher Columbus of the 20th century," then whispered to them privately: "You are going to spend the night and have dinner with us. Down in my country that's the way we show our affection."

After another parade down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, receptions in the Senate, another reception in the House and another with foreign diplomats at the State Department, the astronauts—still displaying no obvious signs of wear—got further traveling orders from Lyndon Johnson.

"I want you to join our delegation in Paris and go out among the friendly peoples of the earth to share with them the excitement and thrills you experienced," said Johnson. Still smiling, McDivitt and White—accompanied by their wives—hurried off to the Paris Air Show, where the Russians had captured all eyes with Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space, and a huge 250-ton transport. Vice President Hubert Humphrey escorted the U.S. space twins and was himself scheduled to meet with Charles de Gaulle. No sooner had the group landed at Le Bourget airfield, where Charles Lindbergh touched down after flying the Atlantic in 1927, than the astronauts went through their umpteenth press conference of the week. Naturally someone asked McDivitt if he wanted to be the first man on the moon. "Definitely yes," he replied. Then he looked at White and said, "But together with my buddy."

THE NEW AMERICAN JEW

WHEN Frederick the Great asked for a proof of God's existence, his Lutheran pastor is said to have given him a two-word answer: "The Jews."

Their mere survival is a miracle of history. Enslaved by the Egyptians, slaughtered by the Philistines, exiled by the Babylonians, dispersed by the Romans, butchered and chivied from country to country in Europe, the Jews not only survived, but also nourished and renewed the religion that undergirds the culture of the Western world. Christian theologians from St. Paul to Paul Tillich have agreed with the Jewish belief that *am olam* (the eternal people) were preserved for a divine purpose. Whether or not the hand of God is especially laid upon the Jews, there is every sign that, here and now, they are going through a new kind of testing time.

The problem is that there is no problem—relatively. In contemporary America, the Jews are experiencing unprecedented freedom of a kind they never knew even in ancient Israel or their golden age in Moslem Spain: freedom to adhere to their faith or abandon it, to emphasize their differences or to become invisible. Having learned for 2,000 years how to "sing the Lord's song" in bondage, many Jews are wondering if they will learn how to sing his song in freedom. "The central issue facing Judaism in our day," says Dartmouth's Jacob Neusner, "is whether a long-beleaguered faith can endure the conclusion of its perilous siege."

Culture & Comedy

In the U.S. today, anti-Semitism is at an alltime low and publicly out of fashion. In most areas of U.S. life, Jewish representation and influence are far higher than the proportion of Jews in the total population—only about 3%. Where once it was a question of whether Jews could get a start, it is now only a question of whether they can reach the very top.

Jews are still relatively rare in the executive suites of banks, public utilities and heavy industry (notably automobiles), but they have branched out into many new fields, including electronics and advertising. In politics, says New York Senator Jacob Javits rather optimistically, "There is no office now closed to a Jew, including the presidency." At any rate it is no longer surprising to find Jews in the Cabinet, the Supreme Court or the World Series. Residential and social discrimination remains considerable, but not nearly so strong as depicted 18 years ago in *Gentleman's Agreement*. To prep schools and debutante lists, charity boards and private parties, Jews have an entrée they never had before.

Among U.S. intellectuals and artists, the Jew has even become a kind of culture hero. Poet Robert Lowell of the Boston Lowells, who boasts "as a saving grace" that he is one-eighth Jewish, declared not long ago that "Jewishness is the theme of today's literature, as the Middle West was the theme of Veblen's times and the South was in the '30s." Suddenly much of American fiction seems to be dominated by Jews: J. D. Salinger, Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller, Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, Edward Lewis Wallant, not to mention the popular novelists less favored by the critics, such as Herman Wouk, Irwin Shaw and Leon Uris. The hook on a hundred thousand coffee tables this year is Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, which reincarnates the old Yiddish *schlemiel* (bungler or fool), as a modern intellectual in search of his identity. No true common denominator exists between these writers, but one explanation for their vogue is that in an age of "alienation" the Jew is looked to as the expert in estrangement—the perpetual outsider who somehow knows how to keep warm out there. At the same time, in a homogenizing society, the Jewish tradition is increasingly valued as rich and deep; Gentile readers seem to be finding themselves in Jewish fictional characters. Says Novelist Bellow: "I got a great many more letters from people who identified with Herzog in a human way than in a Jewish way."

The outcropping of Jewish creativity also continues in poetry and criticism, painting, music and, as always, entertainment. A clever little inside satire entitled *How to Be a Jewish Mother* has sold 200,000 copies in nine months, a figure that indicates many non-Jews are getting the joke, or at least trying to. Among Gentiles, it is becoming quite in to pepper one's talk with a yiddishism or two ("what chutzpah!"). Jewish humor has become an important part of American folk humor; most of America's top comedians have been Jews, from Eddie Cantor to Mort Sahl. Everyone who comes to New York still wants to see Jewish Actor Zero Mostel play Jewish Author Sholem Aleichem's Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof* and Jewish Singer Barbra Streisand play Jewish Fanny Brice in *Funny Girl*. Only a few years ago, Barbra might have been tempted to Anglicize both her name and her profile, while today she triumphs with both.

The superficialities of Jewishness, in short, are getting to be more and more a part of American culture. And—to the consternation of some Jews—vice versa. While the U.S. is growing more Jewish, the U.S. Jews may be growing less so.

Ritual & Israel

The religion of ancient Israel was rigidly exclusive, obsessed with keeping its people separated from the tribes and idolatries that swirled around them. In the Diaspora, the Christians reinforced this separateness with their periodic persecution. The Jewishness that fled to America from the pogroms of Eastern Europe was surrounded by a triple wall of Yiddish language, peculiarity of costume and custom, and deep distrust of the *goyim*—the heathen. No Jew thought of asking himself what a Jew was. A Jew was a Jew.

Some of this attitude still remains. But today the Jew in America often seems like another three-button suit on the commuter train and another pair of slacks in the supermarket, the "church of whose choice" happens to be called a synagogue. What is happening to the Jews in pluralist America is not the rash of assimilation which characterized the liberal period of 19th and early 20th century Germany—until the Nazi holocaust horribly forced the assimilated to resume their Jewish identity. The American process is what sociologists call "acculturation." For the largest Jewish community on earth, the ancient pressure is off, the ancient differences are dying, and the increasingly urgent questions are: "What is a Jew?" and "What do I do about it?"

U.S. Jews are answering the question in various ways:

- "I BELONG TO A SYNAGOGUE." A generation ago, the majority of U.S. Jews were not affiliated with a synagogue; now the situation is reversed. This does not necessarily bespeak an uprush of piety, any more than the parallel Protestant and Roman Catholic boom. It may simply be a part of the American feeling that everybody is supposed to belong to something. Like their Protestant counterparts, the new synagogues go in heavily for activities: discussion groups, dances, bazaars, marital counseling, softball teams. And the differences in ritual are blurring between rigid Orthodox, liberalized Reform and compromise Conservative. Belonging to a synagogue does not mean attending it. Most surveys indicate a weekly attendance rate of about 25%, compared to about 40% for Protestants and 71% for Catholics.
- "I WANT THE KIDS TO KNOW THEY ARE JEWISH." One reason for the relatively low synagogue attendance may be that so much of the religious side of Jewishness centers on the home. It is in following or omitting the minutely prescribed prayers and dietary laws, Sabbath rules and holiday ceremonials that the Jew affirms, or fails to affirm, his faith. The extent of this observance is impossible to measure: the majority of American Jews probably omit most of it, but try to keep something—if only the Passover seder. Many American Jewish homes are familiar with "the Christmas

crisis": whether or not to deprive young children of the universal pleasure of that Christian holiday. Some households solve the problem syncretically—here and there, Stars of David have been known to top Christmas trees, and Hanukkah, the relatively minor Festival of Lights commemorating the Jews' miraculous victory over the Syrians in 165 B.C., has been elevated into a gift-giving, card-sending counterpart to Christmas. The once relatively low-keyed *han mitzvah*, at which the 13-year-old boy is formally received into the Jewish community, has grown to awesome proportions, with food, entertainment and gifts often rivaling a Babylonian banquet. There has also been a notable increase in the study of Hebrew among the young. The children of any immigrant generation usually move away from the old rites as alien, but a growing segment of the next generation finds delight in them: "what the parents are trying to forget," goes a saying, "the children are trying to remember."

• "I GIVE TO ISRAEL TILL IT HURTS." Israel is the great new fact of Jewish existence. Since 1948, American Jews have poured about a billion and a half dollars into the new state, although only a few thousand have answered ex-Premier Ben-Gurion's call to become Israeli citizens. Israelis are sometimes skeptical of such vicarious participation in their pioneering and have been known to call their American brethren "almity Jews"—willing to pay but not to live with it. The emergence of a tough state of modern Maccabees has tremendously strengthened Jewish morale, pride and prestige in a warrior-loving world. For 20 centuries, returning to Jerusalem was only a dim hope of Jewish prayers; now that it is a material, political fact, the question arises how it will affect Jewish spirituality and the complex relations between the homeland and the Jews of the Diaspora.

• "I HOPE HE DOESN'T MARRY A GENTILE." Marriage to a non-Jew is a traditional taboo. Today, in the eyes of most Jewish parents, and particularly grandparents, intermarriage is still something of a calamity. The desire to curb mixed dating partly accounts for the "5 o'clock shadow" that falls on interfaith group activities. But all surveys indicate that intermarriage is rising. A study of Washington's Jewish community (81,000) broke down the rate of intermarrying Jewish men by generations: 1.4% for the foreign-born, 10.2% for the first generation of American-born, 17.9% for the second. And the rate for the college-educated members of the last group was a startling 37%. Moreover, the Jewish birth rate has remained stable in the last 40 years, while the rest of the nation's has been generally rising. The optimistic view of intermarriage is that it is bringing valuable new blood to Judaism. Besides, Sociologist Marshall Sklare notes that in the anti-Semitic past the intermarrying Jew was likely to be seeking status; today it is the Gentile who may be striving upward, as "the tastes, ideas, cultural preferences and life-styles preferred by many Jews are coming to be shared by non-Jews." Many a bright Gentile college girl is attracted to Jewish men because of their intellectual and liberal attitudes. A growing number of Gentiles who marry Jews convert to Judaism—and, like most converts, tend to be stricter than their mates. In Los Angeles, for instance, two schools of instruction for converts function full time. Judaism traditionally declines to seek converts, but with a little proselytizing push, some Jewish leaders feel, conversions might eventually offset losses.

Textbooks & Divorce

The Jewish "life-style" is hardly uniform, but one of its basic features remains the traditional respect for learning, transferred from the Torah to the textbook. Proportionately more than twice as many Jews go to college than all Americans. Other familiar Jewish traits are showing signs of erosion. The sober Jew is not quite as sober as he used to be. Jews still drink less than Gentiles. One accounting firm reports that it can always spot a Jewish country club by examining the books: at the Jewish club, the food bills are much higher than the liquor bills, while at the Gentile club, it's the other way round. But studies indicate that the Jews' traditional temperance decreases with relaxation of Orthodox observances and increased social relations with non-Jews.

Ostentation born of insecurity remains an undeniable fact, and Miami is its monument; but there is now enough old money and new taste in the U.S. Jewish community to tone down the garishness. The Jewish divorce rate is still relatively low, but rising, and the modern Jewish family is far from the warm, amniotic unit it used to be. Nor is the modern Jewish mother the same half-funny, half-formidable injustice collector of old; she is inclined to be even more psychology-oriented than everyone else, and trying to avoid the coddling, overfeeding stereotype Momma.

Suburbs & Messiah

The U.S. has never forced Jews to live in ghettos, but the Jews have often created them voluntarily. Virtually every big city has distinct Jewish neighborhoods and suburbs. In part, this phenomenon is dictated by remaining anti-Semitic discrimination. Kept out of country clubs, Jews often set up "separate but more than equal" clubs of their own; frozen out of a debutante cotillion, they have been known to give their daughters a quasi-debut by presenting the girls to the Israeli ambassador. But some of this protective clinging together may be unnecessary. A recent study of a typical Midwestern upper-middle-class suburb found that 80% of resident Gentiles had no objection to having Jews in the community, and only 23% of these said they preferred their Jewish neighbors to remain in the minority.

Ironically, although Jewish intellectuals have been leading champions of Negro rights, there is much potential tension between Jews and Negroes. Slum Negroes tend to distrust Jewish landlords and merchants. On the other hand, some Jews wonder whether the Negroes' drive to batter down all barriers by political pressure (whereas the Jews have traditionally worked their way up via money and education) is undermining the pluralistic concept. Sociologist Nathan Glazer remarks that Jews will not easily welcome Negro incursion into "the true seats of Jewish exclusiveness"—business, union, neighborhood and school.

In general, though, there is a new spirit between the faiths, a refreshing decline of self-consciousness on both sides. It is a spirit that does not deny the differences between Jew and Gentile (as the liberalism of an earlier time did) but accepts the differences with mutual respect and enjoyment.

The churches have been pioneers of this new spirit. New Christian interest in the Old Testament, Christian guilt at the Nazi persecution and Christian intimations of minority status in the world at large have brought them closer to Jews than they have perhaps since the first centuries of Christianity. "The Jews have the promise of God," writes Protestant Theologian Karl Barth, "and if we Christians from among the Gentiles have it too, then it is only as those chosen with them, as guests in their house, as new wood grafted onto their old tree."

The old tree is still somewhat suspicious of the new wood. But some of the same events and trends that have moved Christian scholars back to the Old Testament have moved young Jews back to the Bible—not as something to be reinterpreted and explained, but as the Word of God, to be confronted head on. This confrontation is not primarily with the minutiae of the Law but with the God of the Covenant and with the expectation of the Messiah's coming for the transformation of mankind. There is a growing awareness that without the light of religion, neither United Jewish Appeal, nor vacations in Israel, nor psychoanalysis, nor Phi Beta Kappa will keep the word Jewish from watering down in America to something as unspecific as the word Protestant can be.

At the same time, Jewishness is far more than religion; it is an inextricable mixture of faith, nationhood and culture. It is an order of being perhaps more than of believing. Being Jewish is feeling the past in one's bones and living all out in the present; it is Job's *chutzpah* as well as his submission to God; it is the lingering melancholy which the 12th century writer Judah Halevi called the "aching heart of nations," and it is sharp humor, often directed at oneself. For all his changes, the American Jew has not lost these qualities; in fact he is making them, more than ever, a gift to the world.



BEN BELLA & BOUMEDIENNE
Mismanagement, instability, uncertainty.

ALGERIA

A Crash of Glass

In predawn darkness last Saturday morning, truckloads of Algerian troops pulled up before President Ahmed ben Bella's white-walled hillside Villa Joly, overlooking the Mediterranean. The soldiers quickly pushed aside police bodyguards, hurried through the garden to the glass-paneled front door. There was a rough exchange in guttural Arabic, the sound of breaking glass, and a light snapped on in the President's upstairs bedroom. Ben Bella woke up to discover he was deposed and under arrest.

General Cleanup. Only two days before in Oran, he had delivered a speech in which he confidently asserted that the nation was "more united than ever before." He had been looking forward to playing host next week to 3,000 delegates from some 60 nations at the second Afro-Asian Conference, and thousands of workers were laboring 24 hours a day on the construction of an 18,000-sq.-yd. meeting hall and on a general cleanup and trash-removal campaign in Algiers.

By morning, army tanks prowled the boulevards, and Radio Algiers began playing Arabic patriotic songs. Abruptly at noon it broke off the music to announce that the government had been taken over by a new Council of Revolution, led by the Defense Minister and army commander, Colonel Houari Boumedienne. The regime of "personal power" was over, said the announcer, and "Ben Bella would meet the fate reserved by history to all despots." A communiqué signed by Boumedienne charged Ben Bella with an arm-long list of faults: "bad management, waste of public funds, instability, demagoguery, lying, improvisation, mystification, threats, blackmail and uncertainty about tomorrow." In an aside to the Afro-Asian delegates, Boumedienne

said the show would go on as planned but now it would not be "cynically exploited by one man for his personal ends to the detriment of the country's higher interests."

Stray Clemency. As coups go, Boumedienne's was impressively efficient and bloodless. Only at Hydra, in the suburban heights above Algiers, did the police put up a good fight. What baffled most observers was why Boumedienne acted when he did. Ben Bella ran a one-man show for nearly three years and ran it badly, but always with the strong support of Boumedienne and his 60,000-man army. It was Boumedienne who routed the guerrillas who seized Algiers to protest Ben Bella's overthrow of Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda. It was Boumedienne who crushed Colonel Mohammed Chaouh's desert insurrection and executed its leader. It was Boumedienne who managed the capture of Berber Rebel Leader Hocine Ait Ahmed. When the Berbers of Kabylia revolted in 1963, Boumedienne's troops took heavy losses in quelling the uprising.

Since the first of the year, Ben Bella had been making overtures to his enemies. Hocine Ait Ahmed was spared the death sentence in an effort to mollify Kabylia; Ferhat Abbas, the moderate first Premier of the provisional government, and five other political prisoners were released last week from detention deep in the Sahara and allowed their freedom. At the same time, Ben Bella was pressing for peace with exiled Algerian leaders who had been campaigning against him from the safety of France and Switzerland. In his Oran speech, Ben Bella called for "clemency to the strayed," and reportedly was ready to set some 8,000 prisoners at liberty.

Army Attachment. It may be that Boumedienne decided Ben Bella was getting soft. Other speculation on the cause of the coup centered on Foreign

THE WORLD

Minister Abdel Aziz Bouteflika, a close ally of Boumedienne. It had been rumored in recent weeks that Ben Bella was about to drop Bouteflika. In any event Bouteflika emerged as an early spokesman for the new regime, reassuring France that Algeria would adhere to all of its treaty obligations and informing newsmen that Ben Bella was alive and would soon face trial for "high treason."

But there was no doubt that Boumedienne was top man in the coup. A sandy-haired bachelor who wears a straggly reddish mustache, Boumedienne is of peasant stock and comes from the mountains south of Bône. He attended both French and Islamic schools and spent at least two years at Egypt's Al Azhar University. He was a schoolteacher when the revolution against France began and, at 32, commanded all the guerrilla forces in western Algeria. In 1960 Boumedienne was given the task of forming a national army in the security of training camps in Morocco and Tunisia. "One has his attachments," says Boumedienne. "Mine is the army."

Boumedienne, like Ben Bella, is awash with imprecise Marxist ideas. He has always insisted that the government's first duty is to divide the land and redistribute the nation's wealth in favor of the peasants, arguing: "The peasant paid for the war and gave his all. We can't just give him slogans in return." But Ben Bella's bumbling efforts have wrecked Algeria's economy and agriculture. More than 30% of the work force is unemployed, and 3,000,000 Algerians are being kept alive by surplus U.S. wheat. France has been



TANKS IN ALGIERS
Deposed, awakened, arrested.

contributing outright aid of more than \$200 million a year, and was currently negotiating a new Algerian oil deal with Ben Bella.

The Puzzles. Close friends of Boumedienne have always insisted that he is without political ambitions. It is possible that he will govern through a collegium of Algerian leaders or, as in so many Arab lands, through an administration of army officers. The French claim that Boumedienne received his military training in Moscow and Peking, but in foreign affairs he is unlikely to be more Communist-oriented than was Ben Bella. In fact, one of the many puzzling elements about the coup is that the political views of Boumedienne and Ben Bella were, until last week, considered identical.

As for the Algerian people, they received the news of Ben Bella's fall with apathy. Men gathered in cafés to sip thick coffee and mint tea; stores and shops opened for business as usual. By afternoon, soldiers with submachine guns had turned back to the city's police the job of directing traffic, and Algiers dozed beneath a cloudless sky and enervating heat.

At sundown a crowd came briefly to life as people scrambled for the evening papers, which merely reprinted the communiqué broadcast by Radio Algiers. Some Western observers optimistically recalled that Boumedienne's Defense Ministry had been one of the few well-run departments of the Algerian government and thought that might augur well for the future. The only fact that had become really clear was that Houari Boumedienne, so long known as "Numéro un bis" in Algeria, had at last become "Numéro un."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Bombight & Hindsight

At the O.K. Corral

In Viet Nam's vicious war, the U.S. has employed just about every weapon in the book, from bowie knives to bombs that hurl darts, in an attempt to wipe out the Viet Cong guerrillas. But few expected to see the weapon that was called in last week. It was the B-52 Stratofortress, that eight-jet colossus of the Strategic Air Command whose normal function is totting H-bombs round the world in constant cold war vigilance against attack on the U.S. On this mission, the Stratoforts—30 of them—carried conventional bombs and the seeds of a quite unconventional controversy. For their target was one against which most airmen would never think of employing strategic bombers.

Lyndon Said Go. The big bombers' target was "the O.K. Corral," a desolate 1-by-2-mi. patch of wilderness just 33 miles north of Saigon. There, ac-

cording to intelligence reports, as many as four Viet Cong battalions were massing in the dense thicket near Bencat for another devastating attack on government positions along Route 14, a mere 30 miles north of Saigon. In the hope of avoiding a disaster like the one fortnight ago at nearby Dongxoi (rhymes with wrong's why), U.S. planners in Saigon searched for a means to trap the concealed Communist troops by surprise in their jungle hide-out. SAC had long been restless to get into the war, and General William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam, gave SAC its wish. The big bombers would unroll a carpet of destruction, carefully tacked down by radar-controlled bombsights guaranteed to produce pinpoint accuracy. The plan was approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, by the Pentagon, and then forwarded to the White House. Lyndon Johnson said go.

The Stratoforts swept in at 15,000 ft. from their base on Guam, 2,600 miles away. En route, two of the 58,000,000 planes climbed while refueling off the Philippines, and over the target area another plane was unable to release its bombload because of a mechanical failure. The remaining bombers unloaded a torrent of high explosives—270 tons in all—on the tangled forest floor. Then they wheeled for home, confident that they had dispersed the Viet Cong and killed many. But had they?

Buffalo & Teakettles. Not according to the three teams of U.S. and South Vietnamese Special Forces who helicoptered into the area to evaluate damage. The searchers found that many bombs had fallen as much as 250 yards apart, and much of the force of the explosions had been absorbed by the dense forest growth. Water buffalo grazed peacefully in fields where the 750-lb. and 1,000-lb. blockbusters had hit. Not a single Viet Cong body was found, although the searchers drew steady sniper fire, showing that Communists were still in the area. In an abandoned cave, the searchers found Viet Cong communications equipment and teakettles still warm to the touch. This led Washington officials to claim that the mission had been a success: the bombers had forced the Viet Cong to break and run. More skeptical officers looked at it another way: the bombing raid had been so ineffective that it had not even tipped over the teapots.

In hindsight, use of the B-52s had been an expensive means of hunting guerrillas, and the scheme's only real merit may well have been psychological. Hanoi could hardly fail to notice how quickly and easily SAC's huge squadrons had been brought into the Viet Nam battle. The B-52s would, of course, be enormously effective if turned onto the cities or factories of the north. But the jungle strike also served to prove once again that the war in South Viet Nam can be won only by foot soldiers,

closely supported by tactical air strikes.

Also, the cost of ground war is high. Last week Saigon revised its casualty totals for the bloody battle of Dongxoi. The toll: more than 700 government troops and 150 civilians dead v. an estimated 700 Viet Cong. But Saigon's new military leaders seemed ready and willing to keep up the grim ground battle. To buttress their fighting force, 600 U.S. paratroopers of the 173rd Airborne Brigade were now holding a vital flank of Route 14, at the same time guarding the airstrip at Phuocinh, a few miles from Bencat and Dongxoi.

Among the riflemen were lots of would-be Wyatt Earps, backed up by 300 impatient gunners of a U.S. artillery battalion. But so far, there was not a sign that the Viet Cong would test their perimeter, and through the long, hot days the troops were getting bored. As a precaution they were digging their foxholes a little bit deeper. As one paratrooper put it: "The longer we stay here, the more of a target we become."



PREMIER KY
Coffin on order.

Toward a Sterner Life

The dull thump of bombs in the O.K. Corral was audible in Saigon, but the capital was not listening. Its attention was focused on the installation of yet another new government. Black limousines loaded with generals swept through the city escorted by Jeeps mounting .50-cal. machine guns. An honor guard stood tautly and interminably in the hot sun outside stately Dienhong Mansion as a brass band blared the national anthem. The scene was far too familiar, a piece of political theater played to a skeptical and somewhat jaundiced audience and by no means sure of a long run. Yet some of the script was new.

Reforms & Reprisals. South Viet Nam's latest Premier is Air Force Commander Nguyen Cao Ky, 34, a hard-

³³ Named by U.S. officers for the scene of the Old West's most famous gunfight, the livery station in Tombstone, Ariz., where Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday gunned down three badmen in 1881.

bitten, mustachioed aviator who affects a black flight suit, a lavender ascot, and a pearl-handled revolver. But his flamboyance is outdone by his frankness. In his first speech, Ky (pronounced key) laid it on the line: The country, he said, was suffering from "internal decay, intellectual stagnation and inflation." In many rural areas, the national administration has collapsed; indeed, the government announced that nothing but airmail could now be delivered to the five Communist-infested provinces of the Central Highlands. "I am just a pilot," Ky continued, "and as a pilot I don't like politics. But the generals have picked me because they have confidence in me. They picked me more to risk my life than as an honor."

On that grim note, Ky proposed his remedy for South Viet Nam's malaise: a program of reform, mobilization and austerity more radical and detailed than any offered by previous regimes. Ky promised to eliminate "speculators, profiteers and black-marketeers," and threatened the top 28 rice dealers, who have been artificially hiking prices for profit, that lots would be drawn to decide which would be shot if they did not cut prices.

The new government would put stringent price controls on all basic consumer goods, demand "contributions" from the rich to help pay for the war effort, slap heavier taxes on luxury items. He also had an eye out for the troops. To bolster military morale, Ky planned substantial increases in soldiers' pensions, a crackdown on draft dodgers, and the immediate recall of students taking courses abroad. All of this sounded absolutely horrifying to Saigon's smart set, but it was a step toward a sterner life that was long overdue in the lackadaisical capital.

Cautious & the Cabinet. Ky's 16-man "War Cabinet," which is responsible to the military-controlled National Leadership Committee headed by Major General Nguyen Van Thieu, is carefully balanced along religious and regional lines. Six members are holdovers from the civilian regime of Dr. Phan Huy Quat, who last week retired from politics to return to hospital work. Only three Cabinet members are military men.

Militant Catholics and Buddhists—the main threat to any Saigon regime—were skeptical about Ky's chances of survival, but seemed willing to give him a chance. U.S. officials cautioned privately that Ky was too young and impulsive to endure for long in the volatile world of Saigon politics. Ky himself was aware of the dangers that plague anyone in that sphere. "I have told my wife to buy me a coffin," he remarked to reporters. "But as soon as I fall, another member of the team will replace me. There is no question of the government's falling apart as in the past."



BRITAIN'S WILSON & GHANA'S NKURUMAH
First, out with Australia's 900.

THE COMMONWEALTH

Foggy Day in Londontown

Among the gilt mirrors and airy hangings of Marlborough House, it seemed a wizard idea: Something should be Done about Viet Nam. The 21 delegations gathered in London last week for the 14th Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference overwhelmingly approved the notion. But in the execution, it proved a bit more complex. The plan was to send a five-nation team, headed by Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, to Hanoi, Saigon, Peking, Moscow and Washington to seek a way to end the war. The team's spread of political ideologies, ranging from the demagogic leftism of Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah through the balanced anti-Communism of Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, would seem to guarantee the group a hearing in every capital. After all, the argument ran, the Commonwealth speaks for a quarter of the world's population, hence represents a microcosm of world opinion.

But no sooner had Wilson gavelled the motion into debate than a fog of dissent sprang up around it. Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, recent host to Peking's Premier Chou En-lai, complained that the idea unfairly "put China in the dock," adding that "if Hanoi refuses to see the committee, the whole thing will be a blow to the Commonwealth." Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan argued that Wilson also should not be a member. Ayub's reason: Britain is too deeply committed to the U.S. to join a truly "nonaligned" peace initiative. Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rahman—recipient of British arms and advice in his battle with Indonesia—feared that the team might "reward aggression" in Southeast Asia.

Nkrumah said he'd be delighted to

go, but demanded that Commonwealth-member Australia first withdraw her 900 troops from South Viet Nam. Even Moscow got into the act with an *Izvestia* editorial that took the Commonwealth to task for a lack of "clarity." After all, the Russians sniffed, how can a fact-finding committee be truly impartial if it doesn't even condemn the U.S. in advance? "There is no demand [in the proposal] to withdraw American troops from Viet Nam," chided *Izvestia*, "nor to stop the barbarian bombardments of North Viet Nam."

Though Wilson's scheme had the backing of the U.S. and at least tacit support from 16 Commonwealth members, there was more than a little doubt that the mission would get under way next month as Wilson hoped. Even if the Russians ultimately agree to the team's visit, Peking and Hanoi probably will not. Last April, when Wilson's emissary, Patrick Gordon Walker, set off on a similar mission, they would not even receive him.

EUROPE

1815 & All That

What is history but a fable agreed upon?

—Napoleon Bonaparte

It was the sort of pomp and circumstance that Britons do so awfully well. In Whitehall's Inigo Jones Banqueting Hall, Queen Elizabeth II last week dined formally with 250 guests off the regimental silver of the 35 regiments that, with Marshal Blücher's Prussians, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. Afterward Defense Minister Denis Healey and the ambassadors of The Netherlands, Belgium and West Germany watched 1,200 soldiers from those regiments march under floodlights.

Conspicuously absent was the French

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ambassador, who obviously reflected the banquet of Charles de Gaulle. The banquet was in honor of the 150th anniversary of Waterloo, and *le général* does not agree with the British that Waterloo is a part of history that needs commemorating. Encouraged by Waterloo's restaurateurs, souvenir hawkers and the local tourist office, the British, West German and Dutch embassies in Belgium had planned a spirited parade and re-enactment of the battle on the original site twelve miles south of Brussels (which was part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands' William I in 1815). De Gaulle delivered his opinion of all that to Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak. Result: Belgium decided to stay away from the ceremonies, mainly on the ground that it was not an independent power in 1815, and the Germans and Dutch tactfully decided to send minor diplomats.

The British had to settle for a Brussels embassy ball, which Spaak (and of course the French ambassador) managed to miss, a re-enactment of the cricket game staged on the eve of the battle, and a memorial service on the battle site for the slain of all nations, including the French. This was conducted last week in a drenching rain in the presence of 1,100 stiff-lipped British soldiers standing wetly to attention. Announced Britain's ambassador in Belgium, Sir Roderick Barclay: "We have had many ceremonies this week. You might call this one eccentric, in line with the curious behavior of the English."

Some Frenchmen thought the English behavior not curious but downright sinister. Muttered one government official: "You can't exclude the possibility of some *arrière pensée* [ulterior motives]." Reported *Le Monde*: "The hidden intentions of the British can easily be guessed at. This was a fine opportunity to remind Europe of a period when France was the one who wouldn't play ring-around-the-rosy. The experts on perfidy are whispering that this was a tit-for-tat for a certain press conference [by De Gaulle in 1963] that closed the door of the Common Market against Albion."

FRANCE

The Compleat Candidate

Summer rains swept the green countryside of the Ile-de-France. Splashing sheets of water, Charles de Gaulle's presidential cortege barreled along the cobbled lanes under sodden chestnut and plane trees, past grey stone farmhouses and into crossroad hamlets where the faithful waited—schoolchildren holding limp paper flags, white-haired women huddled under umbrellas, village mayors draped with tricolored sashes of office. Disdainfully hatless and coatless, the rain plastering his hair to his pink scalp, De Gaulle plunged into the crowds, grasping outstretched hands.

It was advertised as the general's final provincial tour before next winter's



DE GAULLE ON TOUR
Honor redoubled, opposition splintered.

presidential elections, and though he has so far refused to say whether he will run or not, De Gaulle looked and sounded very much the compleat candidate. He was also in imperial form. At Provins, the mayor, who happens also to be De Gaulle's Information Minister Alain Peyrefitte, trumpeted: "Our town has received sovereigns: Philip Augustus, Charles VII in the company of Joan of Arc, Napoleon. But we have never received a President of the Republic. When this President is called General de Gaulle, our honor is redoubled by joy." Without a blink, De Gaulle replied: "Your reception, which moves me and makes me happy, is for me an element of determination in what follows"—meaning, presumably, his decision to run again.

Prowar Symbol. Whether he would have anyone to run against was unexpectedly thrown in doubt last week. Suddenly dashed were the hopes of Socialist Candidate Gaston Defferre, who had holdily tried to forge a federation of the socialist left and Catholic center parties, thus building a potent opposition to the Gaullists out of the splintered factions that still plague French politics (*TIME*, June 18). After a week of bitter negotiations, representatives of the center and left parties found themselves hopelessly at odds over all the old divisions that rent the Fourth Republic: state aid to schools, nationalization, relations with the Communists (who regularly poll 20% or so of the vote in France). The conferees could not even agree on the name of the proposed federation.

After an all-night session, a haggard

Defferre emerged to admit failure, and with it little incentive to continue his own candidacy. He never had any chance of beating De Gaulle. But his federation would at least have helped move France toward a two-party system, which many think is essential if the old chaos is not to follow the demise of Gaullism in France. In the wake of Defferre's failure, it was symptomatic that Paris was talking about the possible candidature of onetime Premier Antoine Pinay. Pinay would appeal to the pro-Atlantic, anti-Gaullist conservative vote. But he is also the very symbol of prewar, small-town, middle-class Catholic France—and he is, at 73, only 13 months younger than Charles de Gaulle himself.

COMMON MARKET

The Cost of Stubbornness

The most subtle and persistent nemesis of Charles de Gaulle's narrow, nationalist design for a *Europe des patries* are the Eurocrats—the quiet men in Brussels dedicated to creating a truly supranational political Europe atop the already thriving economic union of the Common Market Six. Ever since De Gaulle vetoed British entry into the Common Market in 1963, the Eurocrats have patiently worked to yoke French economic demands to the larger purposes of Europe, and more often than not have succeeded. Last week, as the ministers of the Six assembled in Brussels, E.E.C. President Walter Hallstein and his technicians were convinced that they had laid their best trap yet to exploit De Gaulle for the greater good.

European Treasury. For months Paris has been insisting that the provisions for a common market in farm produce be completed in time to take effect in mid-1967, a full 21 years ahead of the Rome Treaty's schedule. De Gaulle counseled haste with good reason: as the lowest-cost producer of the Six, France stands to benefit the most from free farm trade within the community, and from farm exports outside the Common Market as well. For this reason, De Gaulle has used every brutal lever at his command, including a threat to quit the E.E.C., to force upon his Common Market partners agreements so far covering three-fourths of the bloc's farm products. Recently De Gaulle has been pressing loudly for the whole hog.

Trouble was, before the last stage of farm policy could be completed, another knotty problem had to be resolved. For any policy to work, the Six must tax imports coming in from the rest of the world. The decision to put the tax revenues—which could rise to a formidable \$10 billion a year—into a common fund under central control had been stalled off for years. With the need for a decision imminent, Hallstein's technicians laid their trap. Their suggestion: Why not hand control of

the money over to the Eurocrats, creating Europe's first federal treasury? If that sounded too much like taxation without representation, then why not give the European Parliament—even more supranationally inclined than the Eurocrats—a hand on the cash?

High Price. This seemed to offer the speediest way to conclusion of the whole farm question, but when De Gaulle first read about the scheme in the French papers last March, he hit the ceiling. Summoning Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville and French Agricultural Minister Edgar Pisani, he demanded to know why he had not been warned about such supranational schemes in advance. They had to admit that the matter was news to them as well.

For all De Gaulle's ire, France, to step out of the snare, would have to

EGYPT

Götterdämmerung in the Desert

Ever since Heinrich Schliemann uncovered the ruins of Agamemnon's court in Greece, Germans have been among the most relentless of antiquarians. It seemed only natural, therefore, for some adventurous German technicians working at Gamal Abdel Nasser's jet airplane factory outside Cairo to decide to drive 300 miles across the Libyan Desert to the remote Siwa Oasis, site of Roman temple ruins and the classical oracle of Jupiter Ammon, consulted by Alexander the Great. It was to be a week-long vacation. The group included Gunther Wanderscheck, Reinhold Rimm, and Hans Hauser, together with Cairo Salesman Klaus Böhm, and his wife Gudrun. They took two Volkswagens, a sedan and a Micro Bus, and

paddle in the salt pools at Siwa, thus exposing their skins to the merciless sun and permitting precious moisture to be quickly evaporated from their bodies. Gudrun snapped the group again, as they drained their few remaining drops of water from plastic containers. Then they split up, Rimm and Hauser staying by the bus, Wanderscheck and the Böhms setting out for help. They staggered 35 miles before dying of thirst and exposure.

Egyptian patrols found their bodies a day or so later. Not far away were Rimm and Hauser, also dead. "The sun is horrible," Gunther had noted on another scrap of paper, while Gudrun's last snapshots showed her husband and Wanderscheck sprawled in the sand, waiting for death.

THE SUDAN

A Post for a Post

It took seven years, but last week Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub was finally sworn in as the Sudan's Prime Minister. Back in 1958, the conservative coalition parties, Umma and National Union, had just agreed privately to name Mahgoub Prime Minister when General Ibrahim Abboud staged his takeover, and instead of heading a Cabinet, Mahgoub spent seven months in jail.

But General Abboud was overthrown in a coup last year, and recent elections held in the Moslem north (TIME, May 28) were convincingly won by the conservative coalition led by 29-year-old, Oxford-educated Economist Sadik el Mahdi, the great-grandson of the famed Mahdi who massacred the British at Khartoum in 1885. As El Mahdi's nominee, Mahgoub was acceptable to all sides. A gifted Arabic poet, the new Prime Minister also has degrees in law and engineering, became Foreign Minister when his country won independence in 1956, and led the Sudan's first delegation to the United Nations.

Both at the U.N. and in Arab conferences, the 55-year-old Mahgoub has proved to be a quietly effective moderate. "I strive for the possible," says Mahgoub. "I seek the compromise that everyone can accept, even though nobody may be particularly pleased. Often, compromise is the only road to progress."

Mahgoub's mediating ways were promptly applied to the non-Moslem southern provinces, where rebellion against Khartoum's control has festered for months. Last week he managed to find southerners to fill three Cabinet posts reserved for the south. Next step: southern elections, which the insurgency has so far made impossible. Speaking to Parliament last week, Mahgoub said, "Our main duty is to face the great challenge of realizing security and stability, and pressing forward with the revival of democracy after six years of military oppression." Mahgoub saw no "insuperable blockades" to good relations with neighboring Egypt and hinted



GERMANS BEFORE DEATH
Doubly foolish or delirious?

abandon its whole campaign for swift completion of the Common Market farm plan—and the Eurocrats were certain the French would never agree to that. But a clever diplomat never says never. Last week, without a twitch of embarrassment, Couve de Murville blandly told his colleagues in Brussels that since the Rome Treaty provided until 1970 to complete an agricultural common market, France saw no reason why everyone should be in such a hurry to finish by 1967.

Having been browbeaten by French farm headlines for so long, the other five were astounded and even outraged. Snapped Hallstein: "The obstinate maintaining of divisive internal antagonisms could make Europe the Balkans of the world." It was nonetheless a diplomatic tour de force—the one French response no one had anticipated. Even more, it was a reminder of how bitterly De Gaulle will resist creeping supranationalism. Resisting the Eurocrats' push for unity by delaying the farm plan will cost France and its farmers at least \$1 billion between now and 1970.

Gudrun, who took along her camera, snapped the others clowning about before they all left.

They drove 65 miles along the coast to Alamein, where Montgomery trounced Rommel's Afrika Korps in World War II, then turned south to the Qattara Depression. Egyptian desert patrols warned them that the route was unsafe because of old land mines still planted there, but since they had a four-day supply of food and water, they decided to cut across the unmarked desert. The going was a lot slower than they expected, and the Volks began to falter. Suddenly they realized that what had begun as a search for ancient gods might turn into a grim *Götterdämmerung*. Noted Gunther Wanderscheck, 33, on a scrap of paper dated three days after they left Cairo: "Our condition is very bad. We have only eight liters [about two gallons] of water and five cans of mango juice." Then the little VW stalled, and eight miles farther on the Micro Bus bogged down in the sand.

Foolishly, or perhaps delirious in the 140°F. heat, they changed into the bathing suits they had hoped to use to



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That's my boy!

Jerry's in last place, but the race is young and anything can happen. What's important to me is the fact that he's competing, in his own Sailfish, and with a hand-picked crew.

Even more important is that I was able to get a good picture of Jerry doing something that means a lot to him. If you've ever tried to take a picture of your boy sailing and got the typical results you get from a snapshot, you're probably wondering how I made this picture.

Thanks to good equipment, it was easy. I used a Honeywell Pentax H3v camera fitted with an accessory 200mm Takumar lens for this shot. Because it's a single-lens reflex, and because of the superior Pentax viewing system, I was able to compose my picture knowing that I'd get on film exactly what I saw through the viewfinder.

The racing season is over, but Jerry will remember all the excitement of his first race for a long time, thanks to my Pentax. Wouldn't you like to do the same for your youngster?



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that the Sudan will no longer serve as a transit route for arms shipments either to the Congo rebels or to the Eritrean insurgents who are battling the Ethiopian regime of Emperor Haile Selassie.

TURKEY

The Banished American

The most popular foreign resident in the tiny Turkish port of Kuşadası is a lean, blond, blue-eyed American known locally as Kemal ("The Perfect One") Baldwin. Kids follow him through the streets, and adults come to him for solution of all kinds of problems. In a country where the word Cyprus has sent U.S. prestige to its lowest point in 20 years, the 5,000 citizens of Kuşadası think that if Americans are like Baldwin they cannot be all bad.

Yet Baldwin is a jailbird, and under threat of a dishonorable discharge from the U.S. Army. Born Kenneth Baldwin in Utica, N.Y., 30 years ago, he enlisted in the army in 1957, won an award as the "outstanding soldier of the regiment." In 1958 he was shipped to Turkey and assigned to a U.S. communications center in Ankara. When he bought a tape recorder at the PX and resold it to a Turkish citizen, Baldwin broke Turkish law; when he sold a second tape recorder for a pal, the pal backed out of the deal, and Baldwin qualified for a court-martial for "larceny." At his army trial, he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment (later rescinded), a bad-conduct discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and reduction from specialist fourth class to private.

The Turkish trial took longer, but Baldwin was again found guilty, and sentenced to ten months in jail, to be followed by 24 years of banishment. In jail, Baldwin learned to speak fluent and colloquial Turkish, and was so useful an inmate that he was often given the jail keys when the jailer had chores to be done in the town. At the end of his term he was given a going-away party by both prisoners and jailers.

Softballing Turks. Reaching Kuşadası—his town of banishment—last year, Baldwin had to report daily to the police. Because of his prison record he had been afraid that the townspeople might shun him. "They didn't," he says, "and that I appreciate. Soon I began to see ways I could be useful to individuals and the town as a whole."

He started an English class, and his students included a bank president, a doctor, a teacher, an architect and the local police commissioner. He taught the villagers to play softball, and there is now a three-team league. He was convinced that Kuşadası's location on the beautifully indented Ionian coast made it a natural tourist center, and he soon huddled over with ideas. When cruise ships arrived in port, Baldwin got the citizens to wear colorful folk costumes and put on exhibitions of the



EXILE BALDWIN (RIGHT) IN COFFEEHOUSE
They call him Kemal.

regional sword dances. He persuaded the sub-governor, Ozer Turk, to start rebuilding the massive stone caravanserai in the center of town. Instead of housing camel caravans, it will be a hotel and shopping center.

Last year Baldwin made a new friend when a well-connected British socialite named Rosemary Rodd, 47, came to live in Kuşadası. She rented a dilapidated villa which her money and Baldwin's muscle soon made habitable, and he moved in. Together Baldwin and Rodd are teaching beekeepers in the area the intricacies of extracting royal jelly from their hives for use in medicines. Baldwin operates Rodd's motorboat for charter, two months ago used it on a mercy mission to rescue a Turkish soldier with a mangled hand at a coastal post inaccessible by land.

Main Wish. Not long ago, Baldwin was voted a membership in the Kuşadası City Club as its only foreign member, and he is also a stalwart of the local Sports Club, on behalf of which he is now working on a plan to bring in groups of foreign hunters. The police no longer keep any watch over their popular prisoner, who could easily escape by rowing the few miles across to the Greek island of Samos. Says Sub-Governor Turk: "Ken came here unknown and without friends. But today we in Kuşadası, all of us, consider him one of our own citizens. He has proved to be a man we can trust."

As for Baldwin himself, his morale is high except when he broods about his bad-conduct discharge, which does not become effective until his banishment is up and he returns to the U.S. He says, "I made a mistake, but I have tried to make up for it. I would like to go out of the army clean and with self-respect." If Kuşadası had a vote, Baldwin's honorable discharge would long since have been in his hand.



"Well done, Commander Whitehead. The race and the tonic drink."

"The Schweppes Tonic drink, my dear."

"Of course. So refreshing and bubbly."

"Curiously refreshing and Schweppervescent."

"You do run a taut ship, Commander."





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DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The Fighting Resumes

"Santo Domingo is a volcano that is going to envelop all Latin America in flames!" shrieked Rafael Tavera, 26, a leader of the Dominican Republic's Castroite 14th of June Movement. In the war-weary city's rebel zone last week, there was a celebration to observe the sixth anniversary of an abortive June 14, 1959, invasion from Castro's Cuba. And before a howling, rifle-waving crowd of 10,000, Tavera spewed hatred at the U.S. "There will not be peace until the last invader is destroyed and the last Yankee property is seized," he cried. "We have blood in our eye, hair on our chest and tobacco in our bladder. There is only one road—war." Soon after came Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó, who triggered the vicious little civil war, named himself "constitutionalist" President, and says he is for democracy. "We will fight to the end!" roared Caamaño. "There will not be one step backward."

Less than 24 hours later, the city's fragile cease-fire erupted in the bloodiest fighting since the first days of the eight-week-old war. At 8 a.m., a U.S. 82nd Airborne noncom was inspecting weapons along the international corridor when a bullet plowed into his buttocks. From Colonel Caamaño's rebel positions in downtown Santo Domingo, a stream of rifle fire laced into the troops of the OAS Inter-American Peace Force. For half an hour it went on without a reply. Another paratrooper got it in the neck. At last, the order to shoot back came down from the IAPF commander, Brazil's General Hugo Panasco Alvim.

Tanks & Snipers. At an intersection, one of Caamaño's rebel tanks clanked up and fired into an 82nd Airborne command post, tearing off a radioman's leg. The paratroopers turned the tank into a furnace with seven rounds from a 106-mm. recoilless rifle. Near by, a careening rebel scout car ran into a barrage of M-14 fire that wounded two men riding in the rear. "I wasn't ready to start this crap again," muttered a U.S. paratrooper. He then squinted through his rifle sight and started working over a sniper-infested schoolhouse down the street.

At 11 a.m., with mounting casualties and continued rebel fire, General Alvim ordered his men into rebel territory. Behind a barrage of machine-gun and rifle fire from rooftop emplacements, platoons of paratroopers swept forward into a 40-block area, overrunning sandbagged street positions, searching houses and hauling out snipers. By late afternoon, the paratroopers were four to six blocks deep in the rebel zone, squeezing Caamaño's remaining men into an area barely one mile square. The U.S. troops now stood on the last

hill before the ocean, looking down into the shattered rebel stronghold. After two days, the shooting gradually began to taper off. Four U.S. paratroopers were dead, another 39 wounded, along with five Brazilians.

Blood on the Trigger. No one had an accurate count of the casualties. Caamaño claimed 67 dead, close to 200 wounded. That might be an exaggeration, but the casualties were obviously heavy. In the rebel zone, *TIME* Correspondent Mo Garcia reported a sad, ugly scene. In Padre Billini Hospital, four dead rebels lay along a hallway; another seven were stacked in a small room. Both operating rooms were full, and one of the two washrooms had been converted for emergency service. On a table in the morgue lay a two-year-old boy caught in a crossfire, his stomach full of shrapnel; next to him was the corpse of André Rivière, a French soldier of fortune who was one of Caamaño's top aides. When they carted him out, a young rebel dramatically poked a finger into Rivière's still-oozing neck wound and daubed the blood on his rifle trigger.

A thick haze of smoke from burning warehouses along the Ozama River choked the city. The streets were a sea of glass, and looters darted in and out of the shops. At Caamaño's headquarters, the 14th of June's Rafael Tavera, who had called for "war," was nowhere to be seen. Caamaño himself seemed to forget everything except the clobbering he had taken. His secretary proudly reported that he had been right out there on the firing line. "When the shooting starts," she said, "the President is the first one to grab his gun and join the firing."

Now, one key Caamaño adviser was railing that Brazil's General Alvim was "el vagabundo"—the tramp. Another sent a report to the U.N. on "what is happening in the open city of Santo Domingo." Caamaño himself accused U.S. troops of committing "an act of genocide without precedent in our country." The U.S., he said, even shelled a Red Cross center in the Ozama Fortress, killing seven women and eleven children. In fact, one of Caamaño's own men at the fortress admitted to U.S. newsmen that there were neither women, children nor Red Cross in the fortress. Caamaño bitterly accused the OAS troops of firing first. Answering that, Brazil's General Alvim angrily insisted: "More than 1,000 rounds of small-arms fire and a few mortar shells were received before we returned the fire. My troops fired back to defend themselves."

Another Plan. Whatever Caamaño had hoped to achieve by his surprise attack, the powerful OAS reply apparently convinced him to cut it out. Only an occasional sniper's shot broke the truce the rest of the week. Once

again U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and the other two members of the OAS negotiating team resumed the work of trying to arrange a settlement between Caamaño and the loyalist junta of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras, who had been waiting peacefully for almost a month.

At week's end the OAS team finally proposed a plan to end the fighting and restore some sort of sanity to the country. It called for: 1) disarming of all civilians, 2) return of all army regulars



CASTROITE TAVERA AT 14TH OF JUNE RALLY
"Only one road—war."

to the armed forces and "irregulars" to civilian life, 3) formation of a neutral provisional government, and 4) elections in six to nine months. In the meantime, the Inter-American Peace Force would remain in the country to keep order.

Both Loyalist Leader Imbert and Caamaño said they would study the proposal. But Caamaño's rebels remained disdainful. When the OAS negotiators drove through the rebel zone, rebel youths chased one of their cars along the streets, pounding on the trunk and shouting "Assassins! Assassins!" After the OAS team had presented the peace plan, Caamaño stepped from his office and told a cheering crowd that he would "not yield one step" from his previous demands—including a return of the 1963 constitution written under deposed President Juan Bosch.

and control of the Dominican military.

The U.S. and the OAS were giving him a chance to think it over—for awhile. In Washington, President Johnson called last week's shooting "totally unjustified, a flagrant violation" of the cease-fire. "These unprovoked attacks on the Inter-American force," said Johnson, "appear to have been premeditated by elements which seek to prevent the establishment of peace in Santo Domingo. Our forces there have no other mission. They will continue to observe the same soldierly restraint that they have shown now for more than seven weeks, in the face of more than 900 cease-fire violations." And 24 U.S. dead, 149 wounded.

CUBA

Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are

Next to Fidel Castro, the most visible man in Cuba long was Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, 37, the Argentine-born Marxist who landed in 1956 with the original 81-man band of insurgents, quickly emerged as Castro's closest confidant and jack of all trouble (TIME cover, Aug. 8, 1960). Che was the brain behind Castro's hide-and-seek guerrilla tactics during the revolution; after the takeover, Castro made him Cuba's economic czar, first as head of the National bank and later as Minister of Industries, put him in charge of exporting Castroite subversion throughout Latin America, sent him on trips abroad to beat the drums for Communist revolution. Che's latest trip was a three-month propaganda tour through nine African and Asian nations, including seven days in Red China. He returned to Havana on March 14—and has not been seen since. Now Castrologists around the world are asking: What ever became of Che?

The rumor mills are grinding out every kind of story among anti-Castro Cuban exiles, pro-Castro students, travelers and diplomats on both sides of the fence. A popular theory has it that Che is—or was—the secret mastermind behind the leftists in the Dominican civil war. The story comes in half a dozen versions: Che has shaved his beard, and is fighting with Caamaño's rebels in downtown Santo Domingo; he was killed a few weeks ago, and his features disfigured so no one could prove that he had been there. Variations have him directing the rebels by radio from Cuba's nearby Oriente province or from a command post in the Haitian mountains. Moving him farther, other rumors put him in Colombia or Peru (see following story), training Red guerrillas, or in Venezuela, planning a new campaign for the FAI/N terrorists.

Asylum or Asthma. Other speculation places Che at home in Cuba—but at odds with Castro, partly because Che preaches a tough pro-Chinese, anti-Russian line, partly because Castro blames him for Cuba's continuing eco-



CHE ON AFRO-ASIAN TOUR
Only a loud grinding of rumor mills.

nomics chaos. One report has it that he quarreled with Castro at a party in the Soviet embassy, sought asylum there to avoid Fidel's wrath. A second version has Che hiding out in the Mexican embassy. He is variously supposed to have been executed at Castro's orders, slapped into prison, demoted to a junior job. However, the theory that the two men have been at odds suffered something of a blow when Fidel and his brother Raúl stood next to Che's wife and child at the May Day parade. So other reports say he is merely convalescing from a recurrence of asthma complicated by a heart condition.

Castro seems to enjoy all the speculation immensely. He himself disappeared for nearly a month in 1962, only to reappear and have a high old time scotching the rumors about his demise. "If the Americans are puzzled," cried Castro on TV last week, "let them remain puzzled. If they are nervous, let them take a tranquilizer." Che "was allergic" to publicity, he explained, then quickly corrected himself to say "is allergic." If the Americans are so curious, added Castro, "Why don't they take a picture of Che with the U-2?"

"He's Resting." What some sources consider a solid clue that Che is still in Cuba came when U.S. radio monitors heard Cuba's internal communications system "calling car 2912." "What car?" interrupted a second Cuban operator. "Car 2912—Che's car," replied the first Cuban. There is some evidence that he has been relieved of his post as Minister of Industries: fortnight ago, Radio Havana mentioned that another official was now "acting" Minister of Industries. But whether this means a demotion is a moot point. Che's major value has never been as an economist; he is a political theorist and guerrilla tactician, at his best in promoting subversion.

Many experts reason that Che has simply taken a few months off to dream up new strategies for Latin America now that the U.S. has changed the rules

by intervening in the Dominican Republic. "He's resting, and that's all I know," said a Castro Cuban at the U.N., who may—or may not—have more than rumors to go on. "But even while he is resting, he is making trouble for the U.S."

PERU

Anatomy of a Nightmare

This is the nightmare of Peru's able President Fernando Belaúnde Terry: Communist guerrillas, operating in the remote Andean highlands, inflame the impoverished Indians into open hostility against the government before Belaúnde can fulfill his own grand design of bringing a better living standard to the highland people.

Last week Belaúnde's fears had substance in at least one region of Peru—the mountainous district of Andamarca, 160 miles northeast of Lima. One afternoon, a band of about 60 guerrillas wearing Cuban-style, olive green uniforms and armed with submachine guns, invaded two big cattle estates, burning houses and barns, destroying a butter-and-cheese plant and cutting telephone wires. Then, six of the guerrillas rode to a mine, hijacked a mining company truck carrying 20 cases of dynamite, and blew up two bridges near the village of Concepción. Other guerrillas attacked at least two other haciendas and surprised two small police outposts, captured four police and seized arms and ammunition.

Witnesses reported that the guerrillas took special care to treat all peasants like friends, even passed out some of the food taken from the haciendas. The guerrillas talked 15 miners into joining up on the spot, went away saying that they sought only "to establish a socialistic government with equality for everybody." A farmer who encountered one band on a road reported that three members spoke with Cuban accents. From the extent of the raids, police estimated that at least three bands were operating in the area, and reports put their strength at anywhere from 200 to 1,000 men. One of the guerrilla leaders was identified as Luis de la Puente Uceda, 36, a well-known Peruvian troublemaker who studied tactics in Cuba and visited both Russia and Red China.

The outbreak of systematic guerrilla warfare did not catch Belaúnde's government entirely by surprise; his intelligence chiefs have been warning for the past ten months that Peru's Communist Party has been reorganizing for agitation, sabotage and insurrection. After last week's incidents, the government ordered 400 civil guards to track down the guerrillas and alerted an army battalion to move into the area if the Communists were spotted. Belaúnde's long-range hope is to contain the guerrillas until his own self-help housing, health, and road-building plans begin to make an impression on the long-neglected Indians, rendering them less susceptible to Communist promises.



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PEOPLE



GRETA GARBO AS MATA HARI (1931)
Brief outrage.

A precedent is always useful in court, so Greta Garbo, 36, was saying: "The theater has always been full of daring performers since Grecian times—even the great Greta Garbo, who undressed much more than today's actresses without creating a scandal." *La Lollo* was in a Roman court on charges of "outraging the public morals" by appearing apparently nude behind a bed sheet in *Le Banhole* (*The Dolls*). This was silly, said she, lofly. No great actress tries to create a scandal. "Even a spicy part can be done seriously." And besides, she cooed to the judge, it wasn't really she beneath the sheet—merely flesh-colored tights. So the judge reserved judgment, shook her hand warmly, and went off to study the evidence of art imitating reality.

The night they ran *A Star Is Born* on the late show, Liza Minnelli, 21, found her own rainbow. Poised, but grinning gleefully, she stood before a packed hallroom at Manhattan's Hotel Astor to accept the American Theater Wing's "Tony" award as the season's best musical actress for her Broadway debut in *Flora, the Red Menace*, a tepid comedy she heats up with a dramatic voice that brings memories of Garland yet is still her own. Her mother Judy couldn't attend; she was at the Neuropsychiatric Institute of the U.C.L.A. Medical Center in Los Angeles, recovering from what friends said was an allergic reaction to a drug. A few nights later, though, she was out, staging still another show-must-go-on performance and evoking memories of her own by belting her way through 40 minutes of the old songs at Las Vegas' Thunderbird Hotel. She left the stage to an ovation from the blasé Vegas audience.

After six years of painful, reclusive silence, Author J. D. Salinger, 46, has produced another story. It's no *Catcher*

in the Rye or *Franny and Zooey*—just one more refraction through his magic Glasses in the form of a letter that Seymour Glass, the fictional family's presiding guru and ghost, wrote home from Camp Hapworth, Maine, at the tender age of seven. Published in *The New Yorker*, the note is introduced briefly by Family Historian Buddy Glass, who for years has been garrulously obsessed by the memory of his suicide brother. By the letter, Childe Seymour seems to have been, practically from birth, a perverid scholar, linguist, spiritual genius and altogether verbose little man who finds everything in life "heartrending," or "damnable." "My emotions are too damnably raw today, I fear," he starts, and in 28,000 words plunges forth to speculate on God, reincarnation, Proust, Balzac, baseball and the charms of the camp director's wife ("quite perfect legs, ankles, saucy bosoms, very fresh, cute hind quarters"),

TIME COVER 1961: ROBERT VICKERY



J. D. SALINGER
Long letter.

while insistently querying his parents about "what imaginary-sensual acts gave lively, unmentionable entertainment to your minds."

There are, as every schoolboy knows, practically no "native New Yorkers," but it does get a little embarrassing when you're junior U.S. Senator from New York while being a Massachusetts native living in Virginia and unable even to cast a ballot for yourself. All that is over now for Bobby Kennedy, 39. He has completed his one-year residence requirement and has been duly registered. What's more, he has just bought a handsome \$68,000 cooperative apartment overlooking the East River on Manhattan's new United Nations Plaza. The family, of course, will still continue to spend most of its time at the rambling old farm in McLean, Va. After all, how in the world could several shaggy dogs, three riding horses, two Shetland ponies, one burro, nine children, one

wife and one U.S. Senator possibly settle down comfortably in a mid-town five-room coop?

"I am not a Private Hargrove," twitched Private First Class Christopher P. Hargrove, 20, who has mastered the M-14 rifle, the military salute and the difficult distinction between left foot and right. Three readings of his father's rueful memoirs, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, taught the young man, now assigned to an information unit at Fort Benning, Ga., not to criticize Army cuisine in front of mess sergeants and otherwise to avoid the disasters that led Marion L. Hargrove, 45, to set himself down 23 years ago as one of the Army's alltime incompetent recruits. The only thing the book didn't teach the boy, incredibly enough, was the basic maxim of military life: young Hargrove volunteered for service. Oh Dad!

Vivien Kellems, 69, marched smartly into the polling booth in Mystic, Conn., sat down on her suitcase, broke out a can of roasted nuts and settled herself for another hard day's civil disobedience. Hoping to repeat her 8 hr.-40 min. polling-booth sit-in of last November, the ding-dong Liberty Belle, former industrialist and Goldwater partisan was protesting Connecticut's mandatory party lever system of voting machines (which makes ticket-splitting more difficult), plus what she called the "high-handed and illegal" selection of constitutional convention delegates by state political chairmen. Alas, she hardly had time to chew a cashew before Elections Monitor James Fusaro invoked the one-minute rule (four minutes late) and had two registrars lift her out. Charged with breach of the peace, Miss Kellems said she would plead not guilty, demand a jury trial.



VIVIEN KELLEMS
Short sit.



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Fraternities Get the Grip

How deeply does the 1964 Civil Rights Act's Title VI—the provision that empowers the Federal Government to withhold funds from recipients practicing racial discrimination—cut into the social texture of U.S. academic life? Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel last week provided a measurement by ruling that any fraternity's refusal to admit a Negro on racial grounds could imperil the many millions of dollars that a university might be getting from the Government.

Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. It was a sweetheart deal of Sigma Chi that spurred the ruling. In the late '30s, nearly all of the 61 major social fraternities carried exclusion clauses in their constitutions, typically limiting membership to "whites of full Aryan blood" or "Christian Caucasians," and banning "the black, Malay, Mongolian or Semitic races." Discrimination first became a hot campus issue in 1946 when Amherst College bluntly ordered its 13 fraternity chapters to purge themselves of bias or close their doors. By 1955, largely because of pressure from college administrations, only ten specific discrimination clauses remained. By 1964, at least 125 colleges had adopted policies condemning such discrimination, and more than 50 had ordered local chapters not only to get rid of bias clauses but to stop racial or religious discrimination in actual practice. The barriers generally have fallen first for Jews, then Negroes.

But to this day at least four fraternities—Sigma Chi, Phi Gamma Delta, Alpha Tau Omega and Phi Delta Theta—either have switched to constitutional euphemisms or have reached unwritten "gentlemen's agreements" that require members to be "socially acceptable" to all other members. A member pledged in California, for example, must not be likely to offend a member in Alabama. A fifth, Sigma Nu, still retains a "whites only" clause, but has permitted chapters, if pressured by college officials, to request special dispensation to admit Negroes. Sigma Chi requires national approval of every member by a screening committee supplied with racial and religious information on each applicant—and a photograph to boot.

A High-Class Chinese? Last April Sigma Chi suspended its Stanford chapter after the local asked Negro Student Kenneth M. Washington, son of a Denver urologist, to join. Sigma Chi's National Grand Consul, Harry V. Wade, an Indianapolis insurance executive, who said in a letter to the Stanford chapter: "I personally would not resent having a high-class Chinese or Japanese boy admitted to Sigma Chi. But I know full well that his presence would be highly resented on the West Coast.

Therefore I must submerge any personal feeling and refrain from proposing a Japanese or Chinese boy because of the reaction it would cause among your alumni." Sigma Chi's attitude so irked Montana Senator Lee Metcalf, who joined Sigma Chi at Stanford, that he asked Keppel whether such discrimination violated the Civil Rights Act.

Keppel timed his reply to coincide with last week's national Sigma Chi convention in Denver, where Stanford and other delegates fought to gain local autonomy on member selection. The convention left Stanford still suspended,



WASHINGTON & SPONSORS
Would he offend in Alabama?

but authorized a commission to study "relationships with local colleges." All the same, the Stanford case had inspired a landmark ruling certain to affect fraternity life profoundly.

UNIVERSITIES

The Womb-Clingers

"Our society is full of people like this," observes a University of California psychiatrist, "people who say, 'I want to get off.' " At a university, "getting off" means dropping all studies without taking a job—and U.S. campuses have thousands of such non-students. During the rebellion at the University of California about a fifth of those arrested were not students, nor were half the directors of the Free Speech Movement and most of the participants in the filthy-speech display.

So irked were California legislators that this month they passed a law to give university officials clear-cut authority to kick non-students off the campus

when they "interfere with the peaceful conduct" of the school. But these restless souls also haunt Harvard, the University of Wisconsin, Columbia University, and other places where an academic community proves congenial to the outsider.

Haven of Discontent. The Berkeley campus, a cultural haven in a neighborhood of cheap housing and depressed industry, has some 3,000 hangers-on. They consist mainly of would-be artists, rootless university dropouts, left-wing political activists, and quite harmless little old ladies who delight in attending every concert, rally and public lecture on the campus.

The non-student at Cal can nap to recorded music on the plush sofas of the softly carpeted student union lounge, attend class lectures—and even ask questions in class. He can borrow a friend's registration card, get free medical treatment, attend free movies. He can sun himself near the union fountain, lunch on cheap sandwiches and pie at the outdoor Terrace, bang on bongo drums on the Lower Plaza. "Berkeley is one of the best places I know of to drop out of the system and yet survive," says Dr. David H. Powelson, director of the campus psychiatric clinic.

"On the Avenue." Many a Cal dropout "goes on the Avenue," which means he prowls the coffee shops, self-service laundries, bookstores and record shops in nearby Telegraph Avenue's grimy red brick buildings. One frequent stopping place is a shoestore called Sandals Unlimited; another is a self-service laundry where the machines, arranged in pairs, bear student-humor names: Tristan and Isolde, Godliness and Cleanliness, Toulouse and Lautrec, Dun and Bradstreet, Anthony and Cleopatra.

Victor Scott Keppel, 23, a dropout who spent two years on the Avenue before returning seriously to his studies, recalls his hiatus as a fast-moving kaleidoscope of LSD, drinking, faceless girls, and empty days. "The non-student life tastes like peanut butter, stale bread and leftover booze," he says. As for sex, "there were a few beatnik chicks that were wailing, but the volume didn't match the myth." At talk sessions, "everybody was very bored and very boring. There was something there, but I couldn't tell what it was. I took a closer look—and found it was nothing."

Through Yin & Yang. Several hundred non-students linger around the Harvard campus, attracted by what one Harvard junior terms "the tinsel and titillation of the academic life." They can be found in Harvard Square or at such student hangouts as the Waldorf Cafeteria, Tommy's Lunch, and Club 47. Some slip into lectures. Poet Gregory Corso is said to have gained a rounded education at Harvard without ever enrolling. One bogus student was exposed at a student songfest: he turned out to be the only person who knew all the stanzas of *Fair Harvard*.

Mostly, insists Radcliffe Junior Nancy

Moran, the non-students are "gentle, lonely people who sit around a table trying to out-unhappy each other. They've worked their way through drugs, the yin-yang philosophy, and are now working on orgone boxes." This kind of life, says Harvard Senior Jacob Brackman, is a "hedonistic mode of existence—a limbo." Adds a Harvard professor: "It's the type of bohemian world that American students are always looking for in Paris but never seem to find." Radcliffe Senior Patricia McColloch says she plans to become a non-student after graduation as a "psycho-social moratorium."

Where's the Party? New York City colleges have relatively few non-students because the city itself offers almost anything the typical non-student seeks. New York University, jostling up against Greenwich Village, posts campus police to discourage non-students; City College of New York relies on Burns agents to enforce a city ordinance similar to the new California law that permits the ouster of troublesome loiterers. About 150 non-students normally drift along the fringes of Columbia, carrying a textbook or a copy of the New York Times as a prop and using politics as a conversational gambit. At the West End Café, a one-room saloon where Playwright LeRoi Jones can often be found, Billy Ford, 27, once a non-student at Michigan, is much in demand whenever Barnard students "need a Negro at a party." West End table talk often starts with such a wisecrack as "Well, I see that Johnson has succeeded in destroying two bicycle shops in North Viet Nam with 100 jets," finally works up to the crucial question: "Where's the party tonight?"

Many non-students cannot face up to leaving the womblike campus atmosphere. They fear—often with reason—that they cannot make it on the outside, avoid admitting that fear by protesting that "I will not do anything I do not believe in." Yet for the more imaginative, life is not wholly boring. They travel a seasonal circuit, such as Madison for its lakeside summer coolness, University of Colorado for winter skiing, U.C.L.A. for a balmy spring. Odd jobs, freelancing, and indulgent coeds take care of such mundane problems as bed and board.

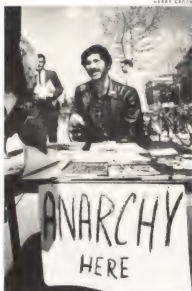
KUDOS

Round III

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

Lillian Hellman, L.H.D., playwright. She automizes evil at its heart and excises the pathology of sins against the spirit. Sir Arthur John Gielgud, L.L.D., actor-director. Restoration beau and antique Roman, Edwardian dandy and, above all, subtle-suited Dane.

George Balanchine, L.H.D., choreographer. Not least of his gifts is the first generation of American-born performers of ballet who mirror his restless austerity of discipline, his untrammelled precision of technique.



NON-STUDENT PROTESTING AT BERKELEY
Lonely people trying to out-unhappy.

Roger Sessions, L.L.D., composer.

John Ford, L.H.D., motion-picture director.

CASE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Kingman Brewster Jr., L.L.D., 17th president of Yale University. Almost any Yaleman can become a university president. But only one can be president of Yale, namely, the best.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Stewart Udall, L.L.D., Secretary of the Interior. You speak for conservation as no one has done since the days of T.R.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Rómulo Betancourt, L.L.D., former President of Venezuela. An intrepid statesman who has demonstrated to the Americas the vitality of democracy. Adlai Stevenson, L.L.D., U.S. representative to the U.N. His intelligence and ready wit have informed and enlivened the political experience of a generation. Elbert P. Tuttle, L.L.D., Chief Justice, U.S. Court of Appeals, Fifth District. The mind and heart of this dauntless judge enhance the great tradition of the federal judiciary.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

Roy Wilkins, L.L.D., Executive Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. For his long patience and enduring courage through the intolerable years of hostility and indifference, intimidation and timidity.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Francis Keppel, L.L.D., U.S. Commissioner of Education. He holds a position of utmost importance at a time when the race between education and catastrophe becomes ever more intense.

Orlando Winfield Wilson, L.L.D., Chicago superintendent of police. Six years ago the people of Chicago asked, "Who will watch the watchmen?" They chose him—policeman and professor, scholar and administrator—rare man indeed!

BERLIN COLLEGE

Martin Luther King Jr., L.H.D.,
Frank Stanton, L.L.D., president of CBS.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Peter Mbiyu Koinange, L.L.D., an alumnus who is now Minister of Education in Kenya.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

George Seferis, L.H.D., Greek poet and diplomat.

Lord Caradon of St. Cleer (formerly Sir Hugh Foot), L.L.D., British representative to the U.N. His own life fully exemplifies the stirring words of Milton he loves to repeat, "Let not England forget her precedence in teaching the nations how to live."

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY (N.Y.)

Phyllis McGinley, L.L.D., poet. She admits that hers is a cheerful truth. She has drawn attention to the honor of being a woman.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Richard Cardinal Cushing, L.H.D. Samaritan to the world.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

James McDivitt, DOCTOR OF ASTRONAUTICAL SCIENCE. By simple personal world without benefit of heraldry, special privilege or urgent self-seeking, he rose quietly from among us to his present eminence.

Edward White, D.S.A. He has expressed literally by his spontaneity and verve and fancifully by his feats in space that freely willed fulfillment of obligation which conserves the human spirit while permitting concerted action.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE

Allen Dulles, L.L.D., former director, C.I.A.

Robert Lowell Jr., L.H.D., poet. In compressed lines and uncompromising thought, deeply sensitive to the tragic, you have probed the meeting points of past and present, of crisis and conscience, of Calvinism and Catholicism, of land and sea.

Henry Robinson Luce, L.L.D., Editorial Chairman, Time Inc. The history of our century could not be written without recognizing the impact upon journalism and opinion of publications you have fathered, which now reach more than fifty million readers on this earth—with every prospect of future editions for other planets to come.

YALE UNIVERSITY

U Thant, L.L.D., Secretary-General of the United Nations. Neither rebuff nor slight has marred the dignity of your office, which is the world's best hope for a government under law which transcends nations.

Paul Godman Cabot, L.L.D., treasurer of Harvard University. Two presidents and a succession of fellows of Harvard College have found their burdens of discourse as well as stewardship lightened by the bluntness of your speech and the soundness of your cold-stare Boston eye for the Yankee dollar.

John Coleman Bennett, D.D., president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. Exemplar and herald of a social order informed by God's righteousness. Benjamin Spock, L.H.D., professor of child development, Western Reserve University School of Medicine. You have replaced the grandmother in the home.



This tyrant makes her husband rent cars from National to get S&H Green Stamps.

He does.

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Of the three major car rental companies, he rents from National because he gets S&H Green Stamps at absolutely no extra cost. His next trip will give him enough to get her that RCA console stereo. But he gets lots more, too. Speedy service at over 1,000 convenient U.S. locations. And a brand new '65 Ford or other fine car.

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THE LAW

THE CONSTITUTION

What Happened at Runnymede

Up the River Thames 20 miles from London lies Runnymede, where King John in 1215 fixed his seal to a strip of parchment that Winston Churchill later called "the most famous milestone of our rights and freedom." That document was Magna Carta (Great Charter). Last week scores of bewigged and berobed British judges, in the company of dignitaries of foreign lands, gathered in London to celebrate Magna Carta's 750th birthday. The ceremonies were



SIGNING MAGNA CARTA
Law is king.

somber and simple. Australia's Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies reminded the listeners that Magna Carta established that "the law is king." And American Bar Association President Lewis F. Powell Jr. declared that whatever else it may have set out to be, "Magna Carta now stands for many of the cherished rights of free men."

Vitality & Life. Modern historians dismiss most of Magna Carta as something of a relic of 13th century feudalism, and most schoolboys read of it but never in it. Yet the remarkable thing about that venerable document is that it enunciated many of the brilliant first principles that give vitality to the U.S. Constitution and thus life to the law that affects and protects the great and the humble alike.

Chapter 12 of Magna Carta, for example, heralded the principle of "taxation through representation," indirectly inspired the American Revolution by providing that the King should levy no taxes except by "general consent" of the kingdom. Chapters 17 through 19 laid

to rest the practice of meting out justice only through the King's traveling court, led to permanently based courts (Common Pleas, King's Bench, Chancery and Exchequer) set up to deal with everything from debts to divorces.

That the punishment should fit the crime was the bedrock principle of Magna Carta's Chapter 20, which declared that "a free man shall be fined only in proportion to the degree of his offense," and required that no fine be so stiff "as to deprive him of his livelihood." Chapters 28 through 31 insisted that no government official might requisition food, troops, horses or carts without immediate payment; this is the seed of the "just compensation" clause in the Fifth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

Rich & Poor. Of the 63 chapters in Magna Carta, two stand above all others. Said Chapter 40: "To no one will we sell, to no one deny or delay right or justice." That statement opened the courts to rich and poor alike.

But even if there were no Chapter 40, indeed if Magna Carta contained only a single chapter, its greatness would have been ensured by Chapter 39: "No free man shall be seized or imprisoned, or stripped of his rights or possessions, or outlawed or exiled, or deprived of his standing in any other way, nor will we proceed with force against him, or send others to do so, except by the lawful judgment of his equals or by the law of the land." In that brief statement lies the forerunner of "due process," habeas corpus, trial by jury, the limitation of the powers of government, and many of the other laws and liberties guaranteed to free citizens by the U.S. Constitution today.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

To Trap a Thief

It is not unusual for a defendant to claim that he was trapped into committing a crime. Often he is speaking the truth, at least by his own lights. Law enforcement officers regularly "solicit" criminal activity by playing up to homosexuals, using decoy letters to trap postal thieves, making narcotics "buys," and getting their pockets picked. Entrapment, in fact, was the chief defense in a trial that closed in Manhattan last week. The case concerned the three men who were arrested last February in a bizarre conspiracy to blow up the Statue of Liberty (TIME, Feb. 26).

Two of the trio, Robert Collier and Walter Bowe, claimed that the idea for the crime came from another man, Robert Wood, who later turned out to be an undercover detective. (Another member of the group, Michelle Duclos, a French Canadian, pleaded guilty and got a five-year jail sentence.) The defense argued, in effect, that the whole affair was Detective Wood's idea; if he had not conned them into securing 30

sticks of dynamite and working out details of the proposed sabotage, there would not have been any conspiracy.

Abuse of Authority. Many jurists have long been fascinated by the entrapment defense. Most agree that there is a fine balance to be kept on that score. Is it defendant the sort of person who is reasonably have been expected to commit the crime without solicitation? Should not the court acquit the defendant regardless of criminal predisposition? Even if he were not predisposed to it but was seduced into committing the crime, is he not as guilty as if he had thought of it on his own?

These questions came before the Supreme Court in 1932, in *Sorrells v. U.S.* A man named Martin went to call on Sorrells, an old war buddy who was suspected of dealing in moonshine whiskey. Martin wanted some booze. Sorrells said that he "did not fool with whiskey." After repeated requests, Sorrells brought out the liquor—whereupon Old W. Buddy Martin, who was also an old Prohibition agent, arrested him. Sorrells was convicted, and a circuit court affirmed the decision. In reversing the conviction, the Supreme Court said: "Congress could not have intended that its statutes were to be enforced by tempting innocent persons into violations. Such a gross abuse of authority for detecting and punishing crime deserves the severest condemnations."

Stealth & Strategy. In a similar case that reached the Supreme Court in 1958 (*Sherman v. U.S.*), a narcotic addict "on the cure" sold drugs to a informer only after repeated pleas for help. The court called that entrapment too: "The power of Government is abused and directed to an end for which it was not constituted when employed to promote rather than detect crime and to bring about the downfall of those who, left to themselves, might well have obeyed the law."

The weight of such decisions requires the police to maintain a fine balance in their investigative zeal, although today, often, an article in a recent *Yale Law Journal* suggests, the police are less than fastidious when it comes to entrapment. In his charge to the jury at last week's conspiracy trial, Federal Judge William B. Herlands said: "A line must be drawn between the entrapment of the unwary innocent and the trap for the unwary criminal. Criminal activity is such that sometimes stealth and strategy are necessary methods of law enforcement. If the prosecution has satisfied you that the defendants were awaiting a favorable opportunity to commit the offenses, you may find that Wood has not seduced innocent persons but has only provided the means" for the defendants "to realize their own existing purposes." The jury decided that Detective Wood had indeed stayed on the proper side of the fine line, brought in a verdict of guilty. At week's end Judge Herlands gave the defendants ten years apiece in a federal prison.

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Poplar Street Bridge—owned jointly by Missouri State Highway Commission and Illinois Department of Public Works and Buildings; Division of Highways. Engineers/architects: Sverdrup & Parcel and Associates, Inc.; substructure contractor: Dravo Corp.; superstructure contractor: Bethlehem Steel

Can a "bargain" bridge



This is an artist's conception of the Poplar Street Bridge, now being built across the Mississippi River at St. Louis. Experts say it will be one of America's most beautiful bridges . . . and most economical.

The bridge engineers were faced with many difficult requirements, among them the need to cross the 500-foot-wide navigational channel at a height of at least 55 feet, yet keeping the bridge as low as possible so as to avoid the need for costly elevated approaches.

Then, too, it was important to design a structure that would be artistically appropriate for the location, and one that would provide motorists with an unobstructed view of the river, the city's handsome waterfront redevelopment, and the gleaming steel Gateway Arch.

After studying many alternatives, the engineers decided on a single-deck, eight-lane, steel *orthotropic** plate-girder bridge. This design concept enabled them to give the structure its elegantly proportioned silhouette, with the longest span of its type in the

country—600 feet—while keeping costs to a minimum.

And, by specifying modern, high-strength steels, delivering increased strength per dollar, they cut costs even more, making it truly a "bargain" bridge.

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be beautiful?

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TOM LEHRER

Pinking plunking protestniks.

NIGHTCLUBS

The Sabbatical Satirist

As a statistician, he specializes in the laws of probability. As a cabaret performer, he defies them. For when satirist Tom Lehrer "retired" from show business in 1960 to return to math and Harvard, he deliberately buried his alter ego—and, it seemed, any chance of a comeback. Many fans even believed widespread reports that he had killed himself. Instead it was Lehrer who was slaying the customers last week at San Francisco's hungry i, where he proved to be the nightclub's biggest draw since the *Limelighters* played there in 1959.

Some of Lehrer's numbers were old standbys updated ("Back to good old Dixie, where the jasmine and the tear gas smell jes' fine"). Others, like *Pollution* ("The breakfast garbage that you throw into the Bay / They drink at lunch in San Jose"), were written by Lehrer for TV's *That Was the Week That Was*. But he also had a clutch of new songs that seemed fresher and more sophisticated than '50s-vintage Lehrer. In the Dominican Republic, he cracked. Johnson landed the marines "faster than you can knock down Sonny Liston." Lehrer also pinked the plunking protestniks whose St. Joan is Baez. "We are the folk song army," he chirps. "Every one of us care . . . It sounds more ethnic if it ain't in good English."

Lehrer insists that he has no intention of returning to professional Tomfoolery beyond an occasional record or sabbatical nightclub engagement. At 37 ("It's a sobering thought that when Mozart was my age he had been dead for two years"), 18 years since he got his M.A., he is still working on his doctoral dissertation, regards statistics as his life work. He may be tempted, though. For his two-week hungry i stint, Lehrer pocketed \$7,000. That's a statistic to regard.

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

Which Is the Real Hoar-Stevens?

Some of the biggest names in British exports are double-barreled: Rolls-Royce, Mini-Minor, Terry-Thomas. Even without the hyphen, the actor's face would probably have made his name familiar the world over. Its features are a boulderish British blend of sad sack and pukka sahib: bushy brows that shoot up in startled innocence or beetle down with Mac the Knife malevolence; lugubrious eyes rocketing around like apoplectic billiard balls; a Scotch-sodden thatch of mustache; and, of course, those two front teeth, gaping wide as Becher's Brook. Wherever he takes a stroll, from Soho to Sunset Boulevard, Terry-Thomas is stopped by little old ladies who ask him to smile. When he obliges, they always exclaim: "It's real!"

Tennis, Anyone? So is Terry-Thomas. Though after 30 films he has virtually monopolized the comic English coddler role and added his own lunatic stripe to the Old School Tie, it is often hard to tell whether he is spoofing the upper-crust Briton or simply being one. On his travels, like any Blimp setting off on safari, he packs his portmanteau with sartorial accouterments for every conceivable occasion: white flannels for tennis, plus fours for golf, blazer for cricket, bowler, boater and deerstalker, tweeds, pinstripes, tails. Everything but the old elephant gun. He claims that he needs all those togs for professional use, but offstage he is seldom seen wearing the wrong suit or the same one twice. In real life he is as wildly glib and exaggeratedly debonair as any character he impersonates.

Born 54 years ago in London, he even started life with a name that sounds like a P. G. Wodehouse character: Thomas Terry Hoar-Stevens. He went to the right schools, but somehow turned out wrong. His trouble

was that he was a compulsive clown, a tendency he blames on his eccentric dental structure, a hereditary trait with the Hoar-Stevenses. He had little thought of working until he was 27, since "my father bought my clothes and women and things." But then a pal persuaded him to take a crack at the films.

Mot Snevets. During a brief career as a shillings-a-day extra at Ealing Studios, Tom Hoar-Stevens resisted a friend's advice to "get your teeth fixed, for God's sake," decided to fix his name instead. He tried wearing it backward until Mot Snevets palled, then became Thomas Terry, which made too many people think that he was a by-blow of the famed acting family. Finally he hit on Terry-Thomas and qualified for the export trade.

Since his first film break in *Private's Progress*, he has played virtually every Anglo-Saxon subspecies from crook to cad, flop to daredevil. He does most of his own stunts, trembling with fear. Says he: "I have stood up—stood up—in a glider, climbed the outside of a house, gone 10,000 feet up in a cable car with no bottom, driven a 1932 Austin Seven with no brakes."

A few years ago, Terry-Thomas moved in on Hollywood, where he was asked by a reporter why he accepted such small parts. He replied grandly: "I'm too busy to do big ones." He's still busy. In two current hits, he plays Jack Lemmon's *bon vivant* butler in *How to Murder Your Wife* and the villainous Sir Percy Ware-Armington in *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*. Terry-Thomas has another film about to be released and a fourth scheduled. Making an appearance last week as a TV narrator, he injected some sly Saxon humor into an ABC documentary on gambling by extolling the outdoor life of the English racing tout: "Ah, the fine, crisp crinkle of pound notes in the clean air!" That was the real Terry-Thomas talking.



TERRY-THOMAS

Beetling bushy brows and a boulderish British blend.

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Bugles, Bangles & All Woman

"In Italy," says Count Ferdinando Sarmi, "when the oldest son tells his father he wants to be a dress designer, it's like a woman saying she intends to be a prostitute." Sarmi's own father responded by packing his son off to the university in Siena. The result was to make Sarmi, some 30 years later, the only Seventh Avenue designer who holds a doctor of law degree.

Women couldn't care less. To them the important thing about Sarmi is that he turns out some of the world's most elegant evening dresses. "Every woman with \$600 to spend," says one New

ly handsome man who lives for his work. He came to the U.S. in 1951, when Elizabeth Arden hired him as her salon designer. In 1959, with his reputation well established, he went into business on his own. "I make clothes to enhance a woman's beauty or to hide her faults," says Sarmi. "I hate the ambiguity of women's clothes today. What for is the man to marry, if what he gets is not a woman but an ersatz man in pants?" Sarmi creations offer a woman frills but not fuss, flourishes but not flash, take her to the ball secure in the knowledge of her own absolute femininity.

Sarmi's designs are almost copy-proof. Highlight of this season's show, for instance, is a full-length empire coat made



CHIFFON SWIRL



HAREM SKIRT
Against ersatz men in pants.



SWANSDOWN COAT & SARMI

York buyer, "wants to own a Sarmi."

At the preview of his fall and winter collection last week, Sarmi produced 50 evening ensembles—every one of them made for a grand entrance. Typically, he committed himself to no single shape, cavalierly offering up silhouettes ranging from tentlike A-lines to baggy harem skirts. What interests Sarmi is fabric. There were amethyst, ruby and emerald velvets, cloth-of-gold studded with glass "jewels," acres of feathery chiffon, columns of ostrich plumes, bands of chinchilla, and bodices of shimmering bugles and bangles.

Each year Sarmi makes two trips to Switzerland, France and Italy to select his fabrics. He has the lace re-embroidered with silver and gold, the chiffon treated to produce a raised velvet pattern, the dress wools interwoven with rows of iridescent paillettes. Often he designs his own: one year it was photographs of raindrops screened onto fine silk, another time it was magnified butterfly wings.

At 49, Sarmi is a heavy-lidded, dark-

entirely of swansdown (\$4,500). For the budget-minded lady or fashion pirate who wants to whip up an economy model, the directions would have to start: First you take 14 dozen swans . . .

SURFING

Go East, Golden Boy

The general feeling was that it could never happen here, Surfing, and the way of life it suggested, was something that was practiced only by the golden boys and girls of the West Coast and duly celebrated in B movies, featuring beer, broads and orgies. But last week, from Maine to Miami, beaches with a rolling surf were bristling with the sleek Fiber-glass slabs. The staid old resort of Narragansett, R.I., has found itself inundated by board-bearing interlopers, who have discovered that the once Brahmin beach has just the right kind of waves. On Long Island, where 40 surfboards were sold in 1960, 4,000 have been snapped up this year, with the season just under way. Over 300 surfers were

counted in the water recently at Gilgo Beach on Long Island's South Shore, and 900 more were catching their breath on the sand. George Pittman, a surfboard dealer in Ocean City, Md., reports happily: "The fanny-dippers [ordinary bathers] are in the big majority now, but in the future the situation may be reversed."

Surfing Safaris. Even landlocked youths strap their boards on top of their cars, take off on long surfing safaris to find just the right "beach break." At Mattituck, R.I., one of New England's surfing Shangri-las, almost a third of the cars parked bumper to bumper along the oceanfront road sport out-of-state plates. Said one surf-farer, a Wethersfield, Conn., high school senior who is president of his town's surfing club: "We travel to a different place every weekend. Next week we'll probably go to East Orleans on Cape Cod"—135 miles away. Decked out in neoprene "wet suits," booties and mittens, diehards rode the waves through last winter as far north as Boston.

After their first alarm subsided, fanny-dippers and local authorities have discovered that East Coast surfers are mostly clean-cut collegians whose hair is as short as their surfing history. In Delray Beach, Fla., the Seacrest Hotel bitterly opposed an ordinance that gave 200 ft. of adjoining beach over to surfers, claiming that they would drive away wealthy regulars. Now the hotel is happy it lost the fight. Its patrons crowd the outdoor terraces on hot afternoons to watch the surfers. Said Police Chief James Grantham: "There hasn't been a single problem. If I were younger, I'd be out there myself." Up and down the coast, towns have roped off prime sections of beach for the "belly boards," not only to protect swimmers but also to encourage the trade the surfers bring.

Warmer Water. The Atlantic being a smaller ocean than the Pacific, its waves are generally smaller and less consistent. Last month, when 4,000 spectators gathered in Narragansett for the New England championships, the sea was so still a Coast Guard cutter had to play back and forth to make it a contest. But Eastern addicts are still getting their surf legs and seem quite content with the three- and four-footers found along most of the coast. A few weekends ago, when the rollers at Narragansett rose to California size (six feet), not a surfer braved the waves. Explained one neophyte: "If you don't know what you're doing, six-footers can be suicide."

Before long, Eastern surfers may well outnumber those in the West. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, the summer sea off Cape Cod is warmer than it is just north of Los Angeles, some 550 miles farther south. Says Hobie Alter, the West Coast's leading surfboard manufacturer: "The East has 1,500 miles of warm water in the summer. We have maybe 200 miles on the West Coast,



SURFERS AT NAHANT, MASS.



AT GILGO BEACH, N.Y.

Fanny-dippers in the majority—for the moment.

and much of that is away from the centers of population." What is Hobie going to do about it? For a start, he already has eleven East Coast distributors, seven more than he has in California.

RECREATION

Junkyard Playgrounds

U.S. playgrounds with their slick stretches of asphalt, colorful, convoluted slides and free-form sculptures for climbing, are among the world's safest, cleanest and most indestructible. But are they what children want? Of course not, says Lady Allen of Hurtwood, 68, a prominent British landscape architect and president of the World Organization for Early Childhood Education. After a month's survey of the East Coast's showpiece playgrounds, the no-nonsense dowager observed crisply that they are "an administrator's heaven and a child's hell." Said she: "It is time we decide whether our playgrounds are to be designed for adults, who love to be neat, or for children, who love to be dirty."

Even at Washington's John F. Kennedy Playground, which is considered one of the best in the U.S., Lady Allen faulted the elaborate array of model jet planes, trolleys, Coast Guard tugs and fire engines, none of which can be moved. "The successful playground," she argues, "is one in which children can move things around and make them obedient to their own wills."

Lady Allen's answer is the "adventure playground." Instead of flat asphalt, the lot ideally should have hills, grass and puddles. Its main features are: 1) a central pavilion where young children could keep out of the rain during the day and teen-agers could hold meetings at night, and 2) enough lumber, bricks, rope, pipes, hammers and nails to keep the kids busy. With a minimum of supervision, they would build tree

houses, hideaways, swings—or just mud castles—and cook their own meals over an outdoor fire.

Lady Allen got the idea on a 1945 visit to Copenhagen, where a Danish landscape architect had created an immensely popular playground by stocking a lot with building materials. It looked like a junkyard. Back home, she organized committees to take over old bomb sites and equip them in the same way. The kids thought that they were the best thing since ice cream. There are now 28 adventure playgrounds in England, and dozens more in Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland.

Insurance-conscious U.S. architects object that boards, bricks and nails are dangerous playthings. On the contrary, says Lady Allen, accidents are less frequent in her playgrounds than in conventional asphalt lots, probably because

immovable playthings "bore children and breed a sort of mass hysteria." Anyway, she adds, "it is better to risk a broken leg than a broken spirit. A leg can always mend. A spirit may not."

NEW PRODUCTS

Eat, Drink & Stay Dry

New items designed to make outdoor life easier:

► Tired of waging a pre-Promethean struggle with stubborn charcoal? Caloric of Topton, Pa., has produced a gas-fired grill that looks like the standard charcoal brazier but uses gas-heated, long-lasting ceramic briquettes. The grill runs off gas cylinders that last all summer or is hooked up directly to the house gas line. The meat still has that cherished charcoal tang, because the tang actually is produced not by the charcoal but by the dripping juices going up in smoke. (So-called "charcoal-broiled" steaks at restaurants have been cooked with gas-heated briquettes for years.) About \$70.

► For the punctilious picnicker and Sunday sailor who loves wine but hates corkscrews, Faye et Cie. of Mâcon, France, has put *vin* in a can for 99¢, is now selling it in six-packs in supermarkets from Los Angeles to Boston. The imbiber's report: no sour grapes. The wine is Beaujolais, one of the few that should be drunk young, and canning arrests the aging process, whereas bottling prolongs it.

► Pitching a tent used to be akin to struggling with an octopus. Now Moss Tents of Ann Arbor, Mich. (P.O. Box 54), has produced the Bubble Tent, which can be zipped effortlessly into place in 14 min. flat. Carried in an 8-ft. tube attached to the station-wagon rack, it pulls out in one move, pops open like an umbrella, stays aloft by means of fiber glass poles, and sleeps four in airy, mosquito-proof comfort. Cost: \$225.



ADVENTURE PLAYLOT IN LONDON
Dirt lovers in their element—hills, grass and puddles.

SCIENCE

SPACE

Solid Success

For sheer pyrotechnics and power, there had never been a rocket launch like it. From Complex 40 at Cape Kennedy last week, Air Force Titan III-C, the heaviest and most powerful rocket system ever launched, blasted off in a mighty torrent of flame and smoke, and with a deafening roar soared out of sight. Though U.S. hopes to close the rocket gap with the Soviet Union rode on the new Titan, the competition this time was not so much international as it was between solid rocket fuels and liquids.

The launch was a solid success—a good, clean lift-off galvanized by 2.4 million lbs. of thrust from twin solid-fuel boosters. The Titan III-C resembled three huge bullet-nosed flashlights standing side by side. The 127-ft. center rocket was a souped-up version of the liquid-fueled Titan II that boosted Gemini astronauts on two successful shots. Strapped on to each side were two 85-ft. rockets, each one containing five 39-ton solid-fuel segments stacked one on top of the other. Within three-tenths of a second of ignition, the two solid-fuel boosters reached their full thrust in unison, lifting the whole package clear of its umbilical tower in four seconds. After 108 sec., with the Titan already 28 miles up, the reddish, rubberlike solid fuel burned out and the core rocket roared to life with 470,000 lbs. of high-altitude thrust. This was the crucial moment, but the change from solids to liquids went off without a hitch. Then 12 minutes after ignition, the third-stage liquid-fuel

rocket fired a 21,000-lb. dummy payload into orbit.

The Air Force is counting on the Titan III-C to be its space workhorse, both for military and experimental purposes. In twelve more test firings, Titan III-Cs with varying configurations of solid engines will orbit payloads of scientific instruments, communications satellites, a satellite for the detection of nuclear explosions in outer space, as well as test runs of equipment for the Air Force's proposed Manned Orbital Laboratory. Future solid boosters, claims United Technology Center, developer of the booster stage, could produce lift-off thrusts of 18 million lbs. Proponents of solids are even hoping that the Titan III-C success will get NASA to change its mind and incorporate strap-on solid boosters in its Saturn V, the rocket that is being designed to propel man to the moon.

PHYSICS

Anti-Mirror on the Anti-Wall . . .

In the fantasies of science fiction, contraterrene, or CT, is something that strikes fear into the hearts of earthlings. CT is anti-matter, which forms the substance of mysterious anti-worlds where everything is the mirror image of its counterpart on earth. On some as yet undiscovered planet there might be anti-people who put freeze in their anti-cars, eat pasto for an anti-appetizer, take a dote to counteract anti-poison or a biotic against anti-disease or a histamine for an anti-cold, who join the Defamation League and who put macassars on their anti-sofas. But anti-matter is no joke. What is really fearful about it all is that contact of matter with its anti-matter counterpart produces an explosive reaction that annihilates both.

Serious scientists have speculated a good deal about anti-matter. They have already proved the existence of anti-particles—anti-protons, anti-neutrons, positrons (anti-electrons)—but are there also complex forms of anti-matter? Many physicists have seriously doubted it. They did not have proof that particles of anti-matter could be bound into anything as large as anti-atoms in the same way that the nuclear force holds together earthly atoms.

33 Billion Volts. Last week a team of Columbia University researchers dispelled the doubts. In the *Physical Review Letters*, the Columbia scientists reported that they have produced the first complex nucleus of anti-matter ever observed—the anti-deuteron. It is the anti-matter counterpart to the nucleus of deuterium (heavy hydrogen), consists of an anti-proton and anti-neutron bound by a strong nuclear force, and has a negative charge. Such an achievement, the Columbia researchers conclude, provides strong evidence to support theories about the existence of an



PHYSICIST LEDERMAN
Even time is reversed.

anti-world of stars, planets, and possibly even anti-people.

To detect the existence of the anti-deuteron, Dr. Leon M. Lederman and his group worked with a device called a mass spectrometer at Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island. Using Brookhaven's 33 billion electron volt synchrotron, they bombarded a target of beryllium with a beam of high-energy protons. This resulted in a debris of particles that sped through the 300-ft. magnetic field of the spectrometer, where they could be sorted and analyzed. When 16 giant, 20-ton magnets were set to pass positively charged particles, the apparatus made careful readings of the flight path, momentum and velocity of these particles. Computers showed where there was a mass peak of deuterons. Then, by reversing the field, the scientists ran the same tests to detect negatively charged particles. Since anti-particles behave the same way as their ordinary counterparts, the scientists concluded that they had found the anti-deuterons when the spectrometer showed a peak of activity where the deuteron had appeared earlier.

Positive v. Negative. For theoretical physics, currently in turmoil about the validity of such symmetries as the one between matter and anti-matter, the implications of the anti-deuteron discovery are especially significant. The discovery, says Lederman, strengthens one of the most important symmetry concepts. This involves the idea that anti-matter duplicates matter in mirror-like reverse: positive becomes negative, right becomes left, and even the flow of time is reversed. Discovery of the anti-deuteron shows that there must be a nuclear force binding the particles of anti-matter that is equivalent to the one binding particles of ordinary matter. Further study of this force should re-

TITAN III-C



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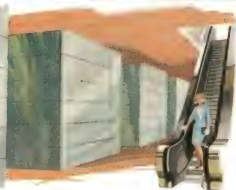
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veal just how precisely the anti-world duplicates the world. "A new and deeper world and anti-world symmetry is now believed to hold," says Lederman, "in which the anti-world does not only have anti-particles replace particles, but also is a mirror image of our world."

The location of such an anti-world, if it exists, remains just as big a mystery as ever. But discovery of the anti-deuteron makes the search all the more challenging, for science fiction and physics alike. "It is not possible now," says Lederman, "to disprove the grand speculation that these anti-worlds could be populated by thinking creatures." Some anti-people out there right now might just be puzzling over something they have discovered called a deuteron.



NORTHROP'S M2-F2
Space ferry, eventually.

AERONAUTICS

The Wingless Glider

The contraption looked more like an inverted flat iron than a flying machine. With two tail fins and no wings, a rounded belly and a flat top, the experimental craft M2-F2 was rolled out last week by Northrop's Norair division and turned over to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for a series of test flights. M2-F2 is a wingless glider, called the Manned Lifting Body Research Vehicle, designed to be used eventually to ferry astronauts back from space to a dry landing rather than an ocean dunking.

Wrapped in an aluminum skin, the M2-F2 measures 22 ft. 2 in. long and 9 ft. 7 in. wide at its broadest point (the tail). To control the glider's descent once it reaches the atmosphere, the pilot has a rudder on each tail fin for turning, a pair of flaps on the top of the aft section of the body for upward pitch and roll adjustments, and a single flap under the aft section for downward pitch. If angle of descent becomes too sharp, the pilot can fire the two small thruster rockets on board. Wings are not necessary to achieve stability and lift.

In future space voyages, the lifting body will be orbited separately. When the astronauts are ready for the trip back, they will rendezvous with the M2-F2, hop in, fire the retrorockets and glide on home.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Manhattan Mergers

The most interesting shop talk for New York City journalists for the past few years has concerned the death, rebirth or merger of their papers. Last week the gossip was at least partially confirmed—but not by one of the papers' own reporters. It came from Gabe Pressman, a ubiquitous newsmen for NBC television. Pressman reported "top secret negotiations" involving a merger of the morning Herald Tribune and the two afternoon papers, the

pers to compete more successfully with the front-running—and money-making—News and Times.

The necessity for such drastic change stems from 1963's 114-day strike and the subsequent wage settlements, which have cost the New York papers an extra \$25 million a year. Moreover, the intransigence of Bertram A. Powers' printers' union has prevented any agreement on automation—a must for survival. It was Powers who brought the publishers together. During the strike, they got in the habit of seeing one another regularly and discussing their financial woes. "They can't fool each other any more," says one newspaper executive. "They know perfectly well who's making or losing what."

Around the Horn. The papers' difficulties go deeper than Bert Powers. At a time when city dailies are fast dwindling, New York still has six of them—more than any other city in the U.S. But suburban papers, newsmagazines and radio and television have cut deeply into the circulation of all but the News and Times. From 1955 to 1964, the circulation of the Trib dropped from 340,462 to 307,674, the Journal sagged from 653,291 to 538,057, the Telegram from 570,275 to 403,340, the Post from 399,886 to 329,523; in that period, the Times rose 117,759, to 652,135, and the News climbed 33,445, to 2,170,373. Meanwhile, production waste costs at all the papers have jumped an estimated 23% and the price of newsprint has risen 4%. The Trib, Telegram and Journal stand to lose a total \$15 million this year.

A decision on a merger could come as early as this summer. "They're really driving for a solution," says a top newspaper union official. "They've gone around the horn on all possibilities." Says Scripps-Howard President Jack R. Howard: "To this end, there will be more, rather than fewer talks."

French Fusion

As in New York, the number of newspapers in Paris has steadily dwindled over the years. Since 1948, seven daily newspapers have gone out of business. Last week an eighth folded.

Despite the efforts of the government to prevent it, the pro-Gaullist Paris-Press merged with France's biggest newspaper, France-Soir. In a novel arrangement, one edition a day of France-Soir will be tucked into a jacket of half a dozen pages of Paris-Press. "We decided to make the most intelligent fusion we could," says Pierre Lazareff, director general of France-Soir, "with each paper keeping its personality."

That is putting the best face on it. Actually, the circulation of Paris-Press had dropped from a high of 450,000 in 1947 to 70,000 last year. Hachette, the powerful publishing house that owns both newspapers, was distressed over a

loss of \$800,000 in 1964 by Paris-Press alone. Moreover, the Paris-Press payroll was padded with all sorts of pleasant cousins and friends who never did a lick of work. At the news that a lot of these ardent Gaullists would come over to their paper, twelve top France-Soir staffers resigned in a huff.

As Paris-Press goes, so has gone much of the French press. In spite of a rising population, the number of papers in France has declined from 230 in 1938 to 82 today. While there are no brand-name commercials on the Government-controlled television, magazines absorb 60% of the nation's advertising. And even in politically keen France, the new generation is showing little interest in political news; they find far more excitement on the highways or the beaches than in reading another De Gaulle speech.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

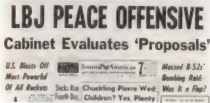
Where the Action Is

Like a swarm of angry locusts, the helicopters descended on the soccer field at Dongxoi. Out of them poured Vietnamese rangers, who were greeted by a hail of Viet Cong fire. Three fell within a minute; the rest bolted for a ditch by a road. But one hulking figure, a Leica camera bobbing about his neck, threw himself against a hut and started snapping pictures. In the bloody melee, he took some memorable ones: a ranger as he was hit, his hand clutched to his stomach; a Viet Cong, his head popped up over a bunker to stare with surprise at the camera lens; a fallen ranger and the Viet Cong who shot him, barely 30 feet apart.

Safely back in Saigon, Associated Press Photographer Horst Faas put his pictures on the Wirephoto transmitter, rubbed a shrapnel nick on the back of his pudgy hand, and mused: "If they had used more mortars, they would have killed us all." His venture into a jungle village two weeks ago was only one example of Faas's daring and resourcefulness in getting the most poignant war photos that have come out of Viet Nam. He likes to show his latest pictures to anyone who will look. "That," he says with fierce pride, "is a Horst Faas picture."

Coldly Clinical. Faas has seen more combat than any other foreigner in Viet Nam. He has an uncanny instinct for finding out where the action is and getting there fast. His intelligence network, say admirers, can be second only to that of the Viet Cong. He works so hard that he is miles ahead of the competition. He is coldly clinical about his grisly work, but then he has to be. "Otherwise," says a reporter, "with what he sees every day, he'd go right out of his mind."

Faas was born in Berlin in 1933, worked in a darkroom for a photo agency, joined the A.P. in 1955. He shot much of the fighting in the Congo. Often he bribed Congolese soldiers with



THE THREE Exploring possibilities.

World-Telegram and Sun and the Journal-American.

Financial Woes. The publishers confirmed Pressman's scoop, but they were not offering any details. Best guess, however, was that Scripps-Howard's Telly and Hearst's J-A would merge, quite possibly under the editorial direction of the Journal. That would leave the New York Post the only other remaining afternoon paper. In addition, the Sunday edition of the Trib would combine with the Journal's Sunday paper (the Telly has no Sunday edition). At the same time, the papers are exploring the possibility of combined printing operations to cut production costs, and are considering building a new \$25 million plant. Hopefully, these new arrangements would enable the pa-



HORST FAAS & TROOPS

Shooting a Viet Cong shooting a ranger.



VIETNAMESE MOTHER & DEAD CHILD

Polaroid snapshots—a practice that enabled him to be in the right place to take the last picture of Patrice Lumumba as he was bundled from a plane to the truck that would carry him to his execution. From the Congo, Faas went to Algeria, where he snapped a number of O.A.S. murders daily and risked inviting his own. When a picture he took of one O.A.S. murder made the papers, a man stopped him in the street, invited him into a café for an absinthe, then pulled a pistol on him. "I was not going to plead with him," Faas recalls. "I heard him cocking the pistol. I thought, 'Now I get it.' He fired twice, and zip, zip, a round went by each ear. Then he bough me another absinthe. 'Next time we kill you.'"

Checking the Troops. Faas was spared a next time because he was transferred to Viet Nam in 1962. His life is in no less danger now, but he has learned how to take care of himself. "Before I go out with a unit, I check the troops," he explains. "Troops are good or troops are sloppy. If they are more interested in the chickens and ducks than in their packs, I don't go out with them." As the war escalates, Faas knows that his own chances of escaping unscathed are worsening. "Maybe after another battle," he said last week, "I'll just quit. That's the great advantage of being a civilian."

BROADCASTING

Man of Convictions

Most of the accolades accorded Edward R. Murrow on his death last April skipped over the fact that there was another man who had made a historic and earlier contribution to broadcasting journalism. People had forgotten the clipped, high-pitched, precisely accentuated tones of H. V. Kal-

tenborn, who died at 86 last week of a heart attack. In his prime in the '30s, Kaltenborn had roamed a sick Europe, producing fascinating, ominous interviews with Hitler and Mussolini, and his brilliant marathon coverage of the Munich crisis jarred American homes into a chilling awareness of the war to come.

Kaltenborn had more firm opinions on more topics than any other commentator, and he delivered them with complete self-assurance. He was often profoundly right, especially in his early diagnosis of the dangers of Nazism. He could also be spectacularly wrong. In the close 1948 presidential election, which tried the stamina of most pundits, he kept insisting, long after it was prudent, that Tom Dewey would win by an "overwhelming vote." Later Truman enjoyed imitating H.V.'s commentary in H.V.'s voice. Kaltenborn did not resent it; he mimicked Truman mimicking him.

Scorning a Script. Descendant of an aristocratic German family, Hans von Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee, left home and school at 14 because he thirsted for "information of the world." He joined the Brooklyn Eagle in 1902, but after a few years of reporting, he decided he needed a formal education and went to Harvard. After graduation, he returned to the Eagle, where he gave weekly lectures on current events. On a whim, the Eagle broadcast one of the lectures, and Kaltenborn was launched on a new career.

He became radio's first regularly scheduled news commentator. Scorning a script, he spoke only from sketchy notes—and sometimes from none at all. Scarcely glancing at the clock, totally unflappable, he rattled off the news without muffling a line. In his early days of broadcasting, a pianist stood ready

to knock out a tune if Kaltenborn should run out of words, but the pianist never had to strike a note.

In Spain during the Civil War, Kaltenborn broadcast the first live radio coverage of combat; once, he installed himself in a haystack on the battlefield so that listeners could hear the crackle of gunfire. For 20 days during the Munich crisis in 1938, he scarcely budged from his CBS studio in New York, where he subsisted on onion soup and slept on a cot. He provided running translations of the speeches of Hitler and Mussolini as they came over short wave and analyzed them on the spot. He saw the significance of Munich and warned his audiences accordingly: "Hitler always says after each of his conquests, 'Now, no more. All is well.' But there has always been more, and there may be more still. Sir Robert Walpole said when the British people rejoiced because he had kept them out of war: 'Today they ring the bells. Tomorrow they will wring their hands.'"

Lecturing Labor. Kaltenborn was always in trouble for his bluntness and it finally cost him his job. The morning of the New York gubernatorial election in 1958, Kaltenborn proclaimed to an NBC audience that he found Nelson Rockefeller "an infinitely more attractive candidate" than Averell Harriman, adding, "and I'm for him!" When protests poured in, NBC decided that Kaltenborn had violated its canons of objectivity and quietly dropped him.

Afterward Kaltenborn occasionally appeared on TV, but his heart was not in it. "Radio," he said with loyalty and conviction, "is better in covering news as it happens. There's so much concentration on the visual aspect of TV news rather than the sound that audiences get more entertainment than information. It is a Mardi gras atmosphere." He disdained Mardi gras to the end.



KALTENBORN DURING MUNICH CRISIS
Mimicking Harry mimicking him.

SPORT

BASEBALL

Nice to Have MET You

They are hapless. They are hopeless. But one thing nobody can deny: the New York Mets are fun.

Just ask Cincinnati's Jim Maloney. 25. Then duck. A hard-throwing right-hander, the Reds' best pitcher (23 victories in 1963, 15 last year), Maloney had the easiest of tasks to perform last week: beating the Mets, who had lost ten games in a row. He started off with a whiz, throwing three straight strikes at the first batter he faced: Outfielder Billy Cowan, 26, who walked away muttering "I never even saw the ball." One after another, the Mets paraded to the plate; one after another, they slunk back to the dugout. Third Baseman Charlie Smith struck out three times and sighed: "Nobody has ever pitched a baseball faster." First Baseman Ed Kranepool, the Mets' only .300 hitter, insisted—with a tendency toward the cliché—that "Maloney should be in a league by himself." After nine innings, all the Mets had to show for their efforts was a walk—and no runs, no hits, and 15 strikeouts.

That should have been that. But the Reds were not tearing the cover off the ball either. Into the tenth inning the game went, with the score tied 0-0. Maloney retired the Mets in order, striking out two more. Again Cincinnati failed to score. Then it was the eleventh, and up came Met Outfielder Johnny Lewis, possessor of a .245 average. The count went to two-and-one before Maloney made his only mistake

CINCINNATI POST & TIMES/VEA



LOSER MALONEY
So mistaken in the eleventh.

of the night: a waist-high fastball, straight down the pipe. Bang! Home run. Final score: Mets 1, Reds 0.

Maloney will still get credit in the record book for pitching a ten-inning no-hitter. And he could take some solace from the fact that nine other pitchers have hurled nine-inning (or longer) no hitters and lost, including two still active in the major leagues: Baltimore's Harvey Haddix and Milwaukee's Ken Johnson. What's more, Cincinnati Owner Bill DeWitt announced that he was giving Maloney a \$1,000 raise (to \$31,000). It would take more than that to comfort him. "I haven't a thing to be proud of," he said. "I just lost to the New York Mets."

AUTO RACING

Jeemey, Jeemey, Jeemey

Midway through the Grand Prix of Belgium last week, a Ferrari mechanic angrily shook his fist at the public address loudspeakers and exploded with pent-up Italian frustration. "Jeemey Clark!" he cried, mimicking the announcer. "Jeemey Clark! Always Jeemey Clark!"

The mechanic's exasperation was understandable. Jimmy Clark is the most monotonous name heard around auto racing circuits—monotonous, that is, for other racers. In 1963 the Flying Scot won an incredible seven of ten Grand Prix races. Last year he lost the championship to Fellow Briton John Surtees, largely because Clark's Lotus-Climax racer was plagued by engine bugs. This year Jimmy's Lotus is healthy, and he has already won two of the season's first three races to take the lead in the Grand Prix championship. He might have made it three for three except that he passed up the second race—at Monaco last month—for the Indianapolis 500, where he orbited a Ford-powered Lotus to a record 150.68-m.p.h. average and a record \$168,500 prize money (TIME, June 11).

Sliding in the Rain. The Belgian Grand Prix at Spa-Francorchamps last week was a relative breeze. Britain's Graham Hill zipped into the lead at the start, but could not even hold it through the first of 32 laps around the hilly, twisting 8.7-mile circuit. Halfway around, Clark blasted past at 150 m.p.h. on a straightaway, and from then on he simply ran away from the field. Thunderstorms turned the track into something resembling a skating rink. Struggling to keep up, Hill found his B.R.M. sliding all over the road, soon gave up the game and fell back to fourth place. Next, Surtees made a run at Clark, pushing his Ferrari into the engine quip. Half a dozen other cars went out with assorted ills. On the 26th lap, Richard Attwood's Lotus-B.R.M. hit a shallow puddle, took off like a seaplane, and slammed into a concrete telephone pole.



WINNER CLARK AT SPA
So monotonous—for other racers.

The car was cut in half, and burst into flames. Attwood was thrown clear, received only minor burns.

Even Clark had his dicey moments. "It was very dangerous," he said. "The rain was starting and stopping all afternoon, and you couldn't count on any curve or stretch being the same twice in a row." At times, he had to hang back for 27 sec. or more before being able to pass a slower car. "I could barely see them for the spray," he said, "and they couldn't see me." In the end, he still managed to lap everyone except Jackie Stewart, running in second place, and Stewart was 45 sec. or about 14 miles behind when Clark took the checkered flag.

The victory was worth only \$2,000, and the rain held his speed to an average 117.16 m.p.h., far off the 132.79 m.p.h. he posted last year. There was one compensation: it was Clark's fourth victory in a row at Spa-Francorchamps, and no one had ever done that before.

FISHING

Shark-Eating Men

Hunters have a habit of excusing the rhino's evil temper (he's nearsighted) and the rogue elephant's murderous charge (he probably has a toothache). But hardly anybody has a good word for the shark. On any coastline, the cry "Shark!" is guaranteed to produce 1) instant panic in the local chamber of commerce, and 2) a sudden boom in swimming-pool sales. Sailors blaze away at passing sharks with rifles and shotguns, ichthyologists denounce them as witless garbage disposals, and many a fisherman disgustingly reels in his bait at the first glimpse of a triangular dorsal fin slicing the surface.

Silly fellow. On those frequent days when the marlin are lurching somewhere else and the tuna are laughing at lures, the smart thing to do is catch a shark. He may or may not be pretty, but he's always there, he's always big, and he'll eat anything—including the



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Kodak brings the Instamatic Camera idea to movies ...and introduces a new era in movie enjoyment

Kodak has redesigned the movie camera. New KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras load *instantly, automatically*. Just slip the KODAPAK Movie Cartridge into the camera and shoot! No threading. No winding. No flipping. Zoom model shown, less than \$175. Other KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Cameras from less than \$50.

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IBM computer helps 1000 Mexican villages build new futures

A QUIET revolution is taking place in Mexico's villages. People impoverished for generations have taken fire from a new self-help idea.

On their own time, they are building long-needed roads and schools, erecting dams, digging irrigation ditches, and starting new local industries. Many hundred little projects that could make a big change in their future.

As an incentive, they receive food —plus technical help, materials and equipment from the Mexican Health Ministry, which recently undertook this program with the Community Development Foundation, American sponsor of the project.

Originally, this splendid program seemed an impossibility. Records had to be kept of thousands of little details. *The work each volunteer did, the food rations earned, the progress of each village on each project —these were only a few of the items that had to be recorded and analyzed quickly—and economically.*

Just minutes for IBM computer

This task would have overwhelmed the small CDF staff and curtailed

the program. The solution was found with an IBM computer that could do the job in minutes-a-month. Now CDF has been able to extend the program to more than a thousand villages, benefiting hundreds of thousands of people. *Soon, millions more may also benefit.*

Going into other countries

Now the idea is going worldwide. Other CDF village programs are at work in several Caribbean areas. And seventeen more countries in Latin America, in Asia and in Africa are interested in adopting it.

"Computer...key to success"

Glen Leet, executive director of the Community Development Foundation, recently said: "Only a computer can give us the flexibility we need, and handle the record-keeping."

"Best of all, with the IBM computer, we have worked out the method of extending our program to almost any nation on earth. I feel that our future is limited only by the number of field men we can train to introduce this good program to waiting countries."

IBM.

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intrepid angler if he gets half a chance. In Australia, where 115 swimmers have been killed by sharks in the past 65 years, the shark has long been considered the king of game fish. "Nothing compares to it," insists Sydney Businessman Peter Goadby. "It's wonderful to pit yourself against a creature so big and powerful, so perfectly designed for his position in life." In South Africa, where surf casters hook into 700-lb. sharks close to Durban's most popular bathing beaches, Electrician Cecil Jacobs, whose catch last year totaled 1,960 lbs., exults: "It's fighting, fighting, fighting all the way." And in the U.S., where some 1,500,000 sharks were caught on rod and reel last year, "monster fishing" is a fast-growing sport among anglers who are weary of coming home with nothing but a sunburn. "You get a 150-lb. shark on a 20-lb.-test line," says Wayne Snodgrass, an electronics technician from San Rafael, Calif., "and it's like holding a horse on a shoestring."

Requiem. There are six extraspecial sharks that have earned a place in the International Game Fish Association's official list of sporting fish—all six of which, incidentally, belong to the "requiem" family (a tony way of saying that they are hungry for human meat). Smallest is the porbeagle, a toothy rascal that inhabits the North Atlantic and grows to a mere 600 lbs. There is the slender blue shark, a handsome indigo in color and up to 800 lbs. of pure ferocity; the weird-looking thresher, which batters its prey senseless with an enormous scythe-like tail and comes in an economy-size 1,000-lb. package; and the voracious tiger shark, which reportedly tops two tons—though the biggest ever caught on rod and reel weighed 1,780 lbs.

Then there is the mako, probably the flashiest fighting fish in the sea. A snaggle-toothed bruiser (record: 1,000 lbs.) that roams far offshore in both the Atlantic and Pacific, the mako can swim at 40 m.p.h., bite clean through a 500-lb.-test wire leader, leap 20 ft. out of the water—higher than any marlin. Enraged by the hook, makos have been known to yank luckless fishermen overhead or jump straight into a boat, tear the place apart, then leap back into the water to fight for another two hours. Their killer instinct lingers even after death. At Ocean City, Md., not long ago, a tourist walked past the corpse of a mako lying on the dock, carelessly brushing its head with his foot. *Kachung!* With a sudden muscle spasm, the dead mako sank its fangs into the passer-by's leg.

Turning the Tables. The granddaddy of all sporting sharks is the great white shark, the world's biggest and most dangerous game fish—usually known simply as "the man-eater." A true monster that grows to 35 ft. and possibly 8,000 lbs., the white shark has devoured swimmers in such diverse locations as Matawan, N.J., the Gulf of Mexico,



MAKO ON THE GAFF

and Portsea, Australia. The rod-and-reel record is a 2,664-pounder landed by Australian Fruit Farmer Alf Dean in 1959. That was just a baby. Dean himself hooked into a bigger one that towed his 30-ft. launch 12 miles, finally broke loose after an epic 51-hr. battle. Last year, off New York's Montauk Point, Captain Frank Mundus, a charter-boat skipper and shark specialist, confronted a huge white shark that swam up to inspect the boat and rose so far out of the water that Mundus swears he could have reached right out and touched the gaping mouth. Mundus hit it with three harpoons in the next five hours before finally bringing the great fish to gaff. Length: 17 ft. 6 in. Weight: 4,500 lbs.

Mundus also has a 3,500-lb. white to his credit (again harpooned), plus a hand in 15 rod-and-reel records that range from a 66-lb. porbeagle caught on 12-lb.-test line to a 683-lb. 12-oz. mako caught on 50-lb. test. To catch a shark, he says, first catch a whale: nothing draws sharks like a chum of blackfish, whale bits and blood. And for all those fishermen who think that sharks are good for nothing, he has one further word of advice: turn the tables on that shark. Eat it. Blue shark, he says, tastes "just like striped bass." And the mako and porbeagle are every bit as good as swordfish. In fact, smiles Mundus wisely, many a housewife has bought shark in her friendly neighborhood fish market at \$1.60 a pound—as swordfish.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► **Harvard:** its 100th boat race with Yale, by ten lengths; on New London's rain-swept Thames River. Considered one of the all-time great crews (TIME, June 18). Coach Harry Parker's unbeaten Crimson, victors over Navy, Cornell, Princeton, M.I.T. and nine other challengers this season, was ex-



DEAN & RECORD WHITE SHARK
Perfectly designed and so hungry.

pected to win with ease—and so it did, low-stroking to the finish in the relaxed time of 19 min. 41.6 sec., some 20 sec. short of the record for the four-mile pull down the Thames. That made it three in a row for Harvard—and 53-47 on the series—with signs of more to come as both the frosh and junior-varsity crews rowed to victory by wide margins.

► **Navy:** the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship, by one-half length over favored Cornell; on Onondaga Lake in Syracuse. Bucking a 12-m.p.h. head wind, the fast-stroking (36 strokes per minute) Middies pulled into an early lead in the 15-boat field, fought off a strong challenge by Cornell in the last 150 yds. to win the three-mile race in 16 min. 51.3 sec.

► **Bret Hanover:** the Hanover-Hempt Farms Stake in a new track record of 1 min. 57.1 sec.; at The Meadows in Washington, Pa. With Driver-Trainer Frank Ervin in the sulky, the unbeaten three-year-old pacer swelled his 1965 earnings by \$8,700 to \$118,700, stretched his sensational winning streak to 29 races.

► **Australia's Roy Emerson:** 28; London's Grass Courts Championship by default over the U.S.'s Dennis Ralston. 22, who pulled out an hour before the match because of an injured thumb that had become so swollen that "I couldn't grip the racket."

► **Australia's Ron Clarke:** 28; the 10,000-meter run in 28 min. 14 sec., snipping 1.6 sec. off his own world record; on the famed track at Turku, Finland. Outdistancing a pack of Finnish runners, Clarke finished without his usual sprint, leading observers to believe that the intense Aussie can run still faster.



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Beech "Imaginity"—in research, development and technical fabrication—plays a vital part in many of today's AEROSPACE and MILITARY projects, as well as in building better business airplanes. For example: the huge, new Lockheed C-141A StarLifters, Air Force jet transports, have several basic component sections fabricated by Beech. Just one more example of the broad range of Beech capabilities at work.

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ART

ARTISTS

The Gremlinologist

The lithe, balding artist nosedives at a canvas spread on the studio floor. His brush uncurls a reptilian ripple of paint that twines and insinuates itself into a snakepit of color. "All I try to do is let out the monsters inside me," he says. "the monsters we all are." Shades of Jackson Pollock? No, it is Belgian-born Artist Pierre Alechinsky speaking, and at 37 he is already a latter-day saint of action painting.

Old Pans. The monsters that uncurl on his floor are puckishly reminiscent of the grimacing gremlins, eerie puppets and masked mobs unleashed by fellow Belgian James Ensor. As his current exhibition at Manhattan's Jewish Museum shows, Alechinsky's beasts seem to wriggle out of the North European imagination, with flickery fingers, eyes bugging like fried eggs, toothy grins waning like quartering moons, all struggling through a welter of abstract interlace. Even when Alechinsky signs one of his lithographs, he cannot resist adding a few devilish flourishes with his pen.

Perpetual motion seems to propel Alechinsky's art. In Brussels, at 17, he began studying typography, etching and book design, before his love of graphics led him to make endless editions of lithographs. Today his Paris studio is paved with lithographic stones. "It's like walking on pop art," he says. He walked himself briefly with the COBRA group (TIME, Dec. 12), studied engraving in 1952 with Stanley Hayter's famed Paris Atelier 17, and three years later made a film in Tokyo on Japanese calligraphy. Nothing can quench Alechinsky's passion for scrawling, restless lines, and he

collects old-fashioned, fat fountain pens to indulge it.

New Sonorities. The freedom of Alechinsky's art keeps it alive in a heyday of pop and op. He prefers truly popular art, such as the papier-mâché statues that the Mexicans explode with fireworks. "Popular art differs from pop art," he says, "the way the pleasure of love differs from artificial insemination." The trouble with pop, Alechinsky believes, is that it pays chilly, calculated homage to mass production. Says he: "You might say it's capitalist realism as opposed to awful socialist realism. Too neat and orderly."

As for action painting, he only uses it as a means of liberating his vision. He explains: "I don't think there's any point to endless searches for new techniques, like musicians looking for new sonorities. It is still possible to get touching music from the piano. With oil and brush, you can tell a story. You don't need 40 tons of cement. Give a man a piece of paper and a pencil, and you'll see what he can produce with means so simple and humble." What Alechinsky does is to turn man's half-tormented, half-bemused mind inside out, exorcising, yet joyously expressing, the gremlins that make life imperfect and therefore bearable.

MUSEUMS

A Living Temple

Mexico is itself a living museum. From 5,000 years ago until the Spanish conquest, its civilizations recognized their gods in the volcanoes and valleys that made their world a temple. To bring the gods closer, the Aztecs carved idols such as the rain god Tlaloc, whose 168-

ton bulk now looms outside Mexico City's new National Museum of Anthropology (see color pages). The building itself reflects the autochthonous architecture of Mexico's landscape; it, too, is a living temple.

Mexico's elemental magic was skillfully woven into the museum by its architect, Pedro Ramirez Vázquez, 46, a team of 40 specialists, and hundreds of artists in wood and stone. Galleries surround an airy grand patio, roofed by an aluminum umbrella that keeps visitors dry in the season when Tlaloc works overtime. Like an upside-down fountain, a sun-stippled waterfall splashes freely onto the patio floor through the umbrella's center, veiling its only support, a bronze-covered column faced with modern interpretations of the rigid stylizations of pre-Hispanic imagery. Fire spurts from an abstract sculpture and reflects in a pond green with water plants. Even the museum's façade, of Tezontle volcanic rock, evokes the baked brown earth of Mexico. Though it already seems an indigenous part of its immemorial setting, the \$13.6 million museum—designed and built in the incredible span of 19 months—opened only last year.

Goddess & Snakes. Ultimately, of course, a museum can only be as great as its contents. Mexico's century-old collection is one of the world's most comprehensive records of antiquity. Of more than 100,000 relics, two of the finest are the Coyolxauhqui, a 1,543-lb. moon goddess of jadeite whose grinning face is fringed with golden rattlesnakes, and a Western Hemisphere familiar, the 25-ton stone disk whose signs and symbols marked the hours and seasons and mapped the Aztec universe.

The museum has been laid out so that its 125,000 visitors a month can enjoy the nation's treasures and relate them to a past that in Mexico never seems remote. Every artifact on display has been mounted so that it remains a meaningful, individual object. Ancient Indian tribal music wafts softly through the 25 major galleries, each of which is a self-sufficient showcase of a different culture. Some 60 young women, scholars and linguists all, show visitors around. Views from the galleries lead the eye to the surrounding 2,223-acre Chapultepec park, where replicas of temples from each major period are placed like stage sets to dramatize the displays within.

Testimonial Trek. Some experts, anthropologists as well as architects, consider this an unusually great museum. "It is the best museum in the world," says U.S. Architect Philip Johnson, who has built many museums himself. It may well be. However, the most convincing testimonial comes from the thousands of Mexican villagers who trek there from all over the country to marvel at their heritage. And, as they linger around an inscrutable stone god or by a latticed temple, they, too, become part of Mexico's living museum.



ALECHINSKY AT WORK
Who needs 40 tons of cement?



MUSEUM SHOWCASE FOR ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE NEW WORLD

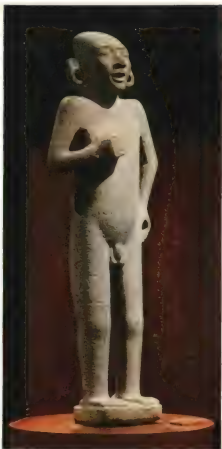
Grand patio of the new National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City is rooted by an aluminum umbrella suspended from a single column, decorated with modern bronze reliefs evoking ancient Indian themes by Sculptor José Chávez Morado. Like a rain forest, water falls through oculus to cool the shelter. Snail-like sculpture (above, at left) re-enacts pre-Columbian belief that snail shells harbor the wind, roars on the hour.





SERPENT'S HEAD in clay, discovered in cave, dates from Zapotec culture of 1200-800 B.C.

YOUNG PRIEST of Quetzalcoatl cult has tattoos which represent water, flowers and corn.



WOMANLY JUG kneeling like an obedient servant is an artifact belonging to the Huastec culture.

CURLIEUE FAÇADE of a Mayan temple was set up in garden site adjacent to museum. Pre-Columbian carvers

designed the rigid stone geometry to jut out so that harsh Mexican sunlight would create depths of light and shadow.



MEDICINE

METABOLISM

New Look at Diabetes

The more doctors learn about diabetes, the more they are inclined to revise old theories about it and the accepted methods of treatment. In recent weeks, research physicians have come closer to a complete turnabout in their thinking. They now believe that the commonest form of diabetes, far from representing a simple shortage of the hormone insulin, is a much more complex and still mystifying disorder. They have discovered a striking paradox: the great majority of adult patients have higher-than-average levels of insulin activity in their blood at the very time that they have excess blood sugar.

There are actually two basic forms of diabetes. The kind that strikes in childhood, usually before age 15 or even in the next decade, results from a failure of the pancreas* to produce enough insulin. For this juvenile or unstable form of diabetes, the only remedy seems to be the obvious one: supply the missing insulin by injection. In some cases, insulin dosage can be reduced with the aid of one of the recently developed oral drugs. Despite its relative infrequency, it is mainly the juvenile form that makes diabetes rank as the eighth leading cause of death in the U.S., and the third ranking cause of blindness.

Half Don't Know It. By far the most common form of diabetes among the estimated 4,000,000 U.S. victims (half of whom don't know they have it) is the "mature onset" type. This develops in people who are over 40, of stocky build and overweight—but always hungry. This form, if severe, was once controlled by insulin and diet, and if mild, by diet alone. Now the milder cases do better with drugs added to diet.

In recent years, doctors began to agree that this kind of adult diabetes did not result from any failure of the pancreas to produce insulin. They speculated that insulin, although produced in the right amount, was destroyed somewhere in the body, perhaps in the liver. Now they know better. Latest findings about diabetes, confirmed independently by Stanford University's Dr. Gerald Reaven and the University of Michigan's Dr. Lawrence Power, show that the level of insulin, or at least of what they cautiously call "insulin-like activity," is actually higher in the blood of these adult diabetics than it is in people with normal metabolism.

Vicious Circle. This paradox in what Dr. Power calls "the garden variety of mildly diabetic patients" goes part way toward explaining the diabetic's constant hunger: he keeps on eating be-

cause insulin tends to stimulate the appetite. This alone would make it hard for him to keep his weight down. But in addition, insulin stimulates the deposition of fat. Physicians insist that adult diabetes can nearly always be controlled by diet alone—if only the patient will stick to the diet. But he rarely does. At Grasslands Hospital in New York's Westchester County, Dr. Charles Weller and Dr. Morton Linder found that the more overweight the diabetic gets, the more insulin there is in his blood. And the more insulin, the more he tends to eat and thus store up more fat in an ever-widening vicious circle.

Of four drugs currently available for U.S. prescription in the treatment of adult diabetes, three are sulfonylureas: tolbutamide (Upjohn's Orinase), chlorpropamide (Pfizer's Diabinese) and acetohexamide (Lilly's Dymelor). Drs. Weller and Linder emphasize that these sulfonylureas promote the release of insulin—at least in the early stages of treatment—and thus help to make fat. They recommend sulfonylureas for patients whose weight problems are not critical and for the few who are underweight. For the overweight, they prescribe phenformin (U.S. Vitamin Corp.'s DBI), which, they say, helps both to control appetite and to speed the metabolism of blood sugar.

Most diabetologists do not make this distinction. They are still unlearning what they thought they knew. As Dr. Rachmiel Levine of New York Medical College puts it: "Many times in the history of diabetes, the elusive 'cause' was almost caught in a net of data—only to escape nimbly through a convenient hole. It is still at large."

CARDIOLOGY

Pacemaker Problems

When nature devised the delicate, low-voltage electrical system that keeps a human heart beating at about 70 times a minute, it did not anticipate interference from doctors' diathermy machines, radio transmitters or neon signs. Thanks to the amazing vitality of natural tissues, there was no possibility of metal fatigue, either, regardless of what else might go wrong. But in some of the artificial pacemakers that have been implanted in the bodies of thousands of heart-disease patients in the past few years, interference and fatigue are proving to be troublesome. Difficulties may show up when the patient is still on the operating table, while the pacemaker is being inserted in a pocket of chest or abdominal muscle, or they may develop years later.

New Zealand surgeons report in the *British Medical Journal* that they have had close calls with two patients. A man of 68 had been doing well in Dunedin Hospital after a week on an external pacemaker. The surgeons were

installing an internal model that was designed to work indefinitely, but when they cut into the patient's heart sac to put an electrode in the heart muscle, the external pacemaker went wild, and the heart twitched ineffectively. The doctors traced the trouble to high-frequency interference from the diathermy machine that powered the electric scalpel they were using. This man and another who had a similar experience both recovered, but the surgeons were puzzled and worried, so they did a lot of experiments with animals.

They discovered that some types of internal pacemakers are so designed that a diathermy machine operated within three feet of them causes inter-



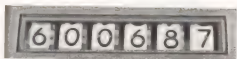
PATIENT WITH PACEMAKER
Stay away from neon.

ference: the pacemaker pulses so fast that the heart cannot keep up, and so it will stop or just twitch. The same interference occurs within six inches of a neon sign, or close to the frequency-regulating coils of radio transmitters. One form of diathermy is commonly used in doctors' offices for simple surgery such as removal of warts. Human tissues afford some shielding for a patient with an implanted pacemaker, but interference may still be dangerous.

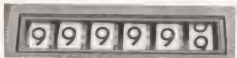
Fortunately, X rays apparently present no such hazard to a pacemaker; it is only from X rays that doctors can diagnose the trouble when the wires leading from the pacemaker to the heart break because of metal fatigue. The University of Kentucky's Dr. Harold D. Rosenbaum reports that this can easily happen, not only because of the incessant movement of the heart—which puts a strain on the wires—but also as a result of breathing and such everyday actions as tying shoelaces. If the breaks are detected in time, the patient can get along well again after an operation to replace the wires.

* More specifically, certain spots in the pancreas, known for their antidiabetic discoverer as "the islets of Langerhans."

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Next Cardinal

As a young seminarian at Rome's North American College, Archbishop John Patrick Cody of New Orleans once served Mass for a newly ordained priest named Albert Meyer. Last week Cody, 57, was named to succeed the late Cardinal Meyer as Archbishop of Chicago. As head of the nation's largest archdiocese (2,400,000 Roman Catholics), he is a sure bet to be named the next U.S. cardinal.

American bishops are traditionally better known for their building programs than for their theological skills. Cody is no exception. Son of a St. Louis fireman, he graduated in 1932 from the North American College, traditional breeding ground of bishops. For five years he worked with Giovanni Battista Montini, now Pope Paul VI, as one of the Vatican's assistant secretaries of state. Cody served seven years as an auxiliary bishop in St. Louis and became Bishop of Kansas City-St. Joseph in 1956. There he earned a reputation as a tough-minded organization man who could raise \$6,000,000 for parochial school expansion in four months.

In 1961 Cody was transferred to New Orleans as coadjutor to ailing Archbishop Joseph Rummel, who died last year, and smoothly accomplished the integration of the largest Catholic school system in the Deep South. Cody also launched another mammoth building program—\$34 million invested so far, with \$28 million more projected for new high schools. Protestant and Jewish leaders respect him as an ecumenical friend; he helped organize New Orleans' "Operation Understanding," in

which city churches are opened for tours by men of other faiths. Cody has been a quiet but effective witness for civil rights—the biggest social problem he will face in Chicago. Three weeks ago he visited the widow of murdered Negro Deputy Sheriff O'Neal Moore in Bogalusa, described him as "a martyr to the cause of racial equality."

Even though he is primarily an administrator rather than a scholar, Cody has three earned doctorates. Theologically, he has the reputation of a conservative who likes priests to do things his way. In Chicago, where priests and laymen were given a free hand to experiment by both Meyer and his predecessor, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Cody's taut-ship policy might create some strains. A past president of the National Catholic Educational Association, Archbishop Cody has a special interest in schools and will have under his jurisdiction the nation's largest archdiocesan system: 437 elementary and 90 high schools. "I feel that the education of our Catholic youth is one of the most important functions of the church," he says.

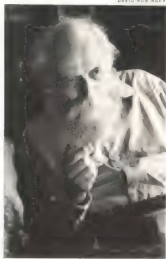
JEWS

"All Life Is a Meeting"

"If you wish to believe, love." What Martin Buber taught, he also lived. A lifelong Zionist, the century's greatest Jewish thinker nonetheless preached friendship for the Arabs of Palestine. He was Judaism's first ecumenist, who revered Jesus as much as a Jew might, and gently, unapologetically defined the gap that only God could bridge between the two types of Biblical faith. A leader of German Judaism until he went to Palestine in 1938, Buber fought Nazism with patriarchal dignity; yet he accepted an award from a German university a few years after the war and begged Israel not to execute Adolf Eichmann. Thus last week when this man of belief and love died in Jerusalem at the age of 87, he was mourned by men of his own faith, and of other faiths, and of no faith at all.

I-Thou, not I-It. Frail and paunchy, with a majestic beard and "penetrating, incorruptible eyes," Buber was once described by Swiss Novelist Hermann Hesse, an eclectic Christian, as "one of the few wise men on earth." Buber's wisdom was reflected in many fields—his poetic translation of the Hebrew Bible into German, his retelling of the long-forgotten legends of the joyous, mystical Hasidim, his vision of a Jewish education for the modern world, his defense of kibbutz socialism and the spiritual meaning of Zionism.

All this he left as heritage for his fellow Jews. But Buber, recalls his friend Rabbi Abraham Heschel of Manhattan, also said: "I'm not a Jewish philosopher. I'm a universal philosopher." From his



PHILOSOPHER BUBER
In an encounter of love.

roots in Judaism, Buber spoke to the world at large, propounding a philosophy of dialogue whose central theme was, "All real life is a meeting." To Buber, man achieved his authentic existence only in loving encounter with God and his fellow man. He called this relationship I-Thou, in contrast to I-It, where individuals deal with one another as objects. For many Christian thinkers, Buber's personalism was a vital corrective to the existentialist stress on man, and the roster of those who acknowledge their debt to his thinking reads like the honor roll of 20th century theology: Tillich, Niebuhr, Maritain, Berdiaev, Barth.

Two Pockets. Two decades ago Buber was almost unknown outside Jewish seminaries; today, paperback editions of his work are staples of college bookstores, and "I-Thou" is as familiar a spiritual catchphrase as Kierkegaard's "leap of faith," or Tillich's "ultimate concern." Deeply rooted in tradition, Buber spoke with an unmistakably contemporary voice. His stress on authentic human relations is a timely warning for a depersonalized world. His vision of man living on "a narrow ridge" of "holy insecurity" rings true for many concerned about the shadow of holocaust. But like many another phrase-making prophet, suggests Dr. Ernst Simon of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, Buber may well pay for the triumph of a vivid concept with anonymity and be forgotten as a man while his ideas live on in the consciousness of the West.

For Buber, however, spirit was always more important than slogan; what mattered was that men should live in dialogue. He cared little for earthly honor, and often cited the advice of the Hasidic master who said that man should always have two pockets to reach into according to need. In his right pocket should be the words: "For my sake the world was created"; in his left: "I am dust and ashes."



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It was that long ago that twelve of us pilots who had flown in China under General Claire Chennault pooled our funds (all of \$89,000) and decided to hack out for ourselves a piece of the American Dream we had heard so much about. Our particular share of the Dream was to build an airline in America that would fulfill Tennyson's prophecy:

*"For I dipt into the future,
far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world,
and all the wonders that would be,
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
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First, we thank you, the shippers. Without your patience and support we could have gone no place. Together with you we have been able to help build the world's finest system for low-cost air transport of goods.

We thank the stockholders and investors who have had the faith to support our efforts.

And we thank America for being what it is; for being the fertile land where things can grow with the right direction and the right

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It has been a long twenty years and also a short time. We look forward to the next twenty with confidence. As the leading all-cargo carrier we have a responsibility to the business community of America. With your continued support we shall always honor that responsibility.

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NEW ISSUE

June 11, 1965

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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

The Open-Mouth Campaign

On Wall Street, they began calling it "the open-mouth policy." Out of Washington last week poured a torrent of talk about the economy, clearly designed to halt the stock market slide and to counter the impression made by William McChesney Martin Jr. in his "1920s speech" three weeks ago. President Johnson, who often uses the jaw-bone technique to get things done, called upon just about everyone on his team—with the understandable exception of Bill Martin—to soothe Wall Street's jittery nerves and hymn the economy's health. It was quite a performance, and it worked.

"Excellent." "Great." Early in the week, the President called half a dozen of his congressional leaders to the White House for breakfast, urged them to talk up the news of rising profits, paychecks and production. On the way out, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield lost no time in assuring the press that the nation's economic picture is "excellent." Next day, Commerce Secretary John Connor told the National Press Club: "Business is great, and it's going to get even better." At the same time, speaking in Manhattan to the American Marketing Association, Chief Presidential Economist Gardner Ackley forecast that "continued solid advance is still ahead of us through 1965 and into 1966."

In Manhattan also, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler used a different kind of forum—the National Conference of Christians and Jews—to make tempting talk of possible further income tax cuts. Vice President Humphrey said in a television interview from London: "I think that Mr. Martin is wrong." At week's end, President Johnson issued four bullish press releases in one day, devoted about 15 minutes of his press conference to praising the economy. Lesser lights in the Administration were sent out to make glowing economic predictions on platforms from Buffalo to Barcelona.

Double Turn. The Administration started its campaign because the market had been falling sharply for a month, retreating from what many Wall Streeters had considered an overbought condition. At last week's start, the Dow-Jones industrial average plunged another 13 points. When the talk from Washington grew loud and clear, however, the market turned around, in the next three days regained more than 14 points.

The Administration's message obviously had got through to the small investors, who traded in odd lots of fewer than 100 shares. The odd-lot traders had been big sellers almost every day since early May, but midway through last week they plunged in to buy almost twice



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
"WHAT'S WRONG WITH SAFETY SIGNS?"

as many shares as they sold. Many little people took advantage of the rally to grab their profits and get out of the market. On the final trading day, the Dow-Jones index worried off 3.89 points, closed the week at 879.17.

The source of Wall Street's nervousness is certainly not the cold statistics of the U.S. economy: they continued last week to be predominantly bullish. One factor in the market's recent dip, however, is the inactivity of the big institutional investors, which have been cautiously waiting on the sidelines for stocks to dip lower. Meanwhile, much of their free cash has been sopped up by a huge quantity of new bond offerings and secondary stock issues. In the past three weeks, for example, four new issues totaling \$1.4 billion have been brought to the money market by the Chase Manhattan Bank, the First National City Bank, the Ford Foundation and the Federal National Mortgage Association.

War Concern. A number of Wall Street's full-time professionals are also conservatively opting for bonds instead of stocks because they are concerned about the uncertainties of the war in Viet Nam and the troubles of the British economy (see *WORLD BUSINESS*). Standard & Poor's President Frederick Stahl goes so far as to say: "The reasons for the current market decline are at least two-thirds based on the foreign situation." Since the foreign situation is not apt to improve very soon, and since many investors will likely be tempted to settle for a good profit now, the market quite possibly may decline a bit farther. But the New York Stock Exchange reported after the market closed last week that short sales have fallen to a five-month low—a sign that the smart money does not expect the market to stay down for long.

RETAILING

The Great Discount Day

Bargains at Tiffany's! The emporium that has seldom had a sale in its 128-year history closed its banklike doors for a day to reduce price tags on the 172,415 baubles in its stores in Manhattan, Houston, San Francisco and Beverly Hills. A 128-carat, inch-wide unmounted diamond will be reduced from \$1,000,000 to \$900,000; a \$4.50 silver key ring will drop to \$4. These cuts—and millions of others across the U.S.—were brought about by the repeal this week of most U.S. excise taxes and the reduction of others (see *THE NATION*). As the act went into effect with a sweep of the President's pen, it called for considerable effort on the part of business and caused a good deal of confusion for everyone.

One major problem is that the reductions on some items are retroactive to May 15. Retailers not only will have to restamp many price tags but will have to recheck their inventories to de-



CHANGING JEWELRY PRICE TAGS AT MANHATTAN'S TIFFANY
128 carats and an inch wide, marked down to \$900,000.

termine when the goods arrived in their stores and whether they are entitled to refunds from wholesalers. Manufacturers claiming tax refunds from the Government will be required to submit lengthy forms to the Internal Revenue Service, detailing when they shipped their goods.

The 10% retail tax on jewelry, watches, furs, cosmetics and leather goods is gone. The reductions, however, will not be quite so generous for air conditioners, TV sets, typewriters, cameras and most other hard goods, which carried a tax that manufacturers paid directly to the Government. On a refrigerator that sells for \$300 the reduction comes to \$15—or only 5% of the actual retail price. A \$500 color TV set will be trimmed about \$30, and a \$160 saxophone about \$10. As for automobiles, this year's reduction will amount to 3% of the manufacturer's price—from \$42.67 for a two-door Ford Falcon to \$139.85 for a Lincoln Continental.

Many retailers promised to rebate the tax on big-ticket items that had been purchased within the last month—provided buyers kept their receipts. Some, however, planned no reductions at all for phonograph records, small appliances and other loss leaders that are already heavily discounted; and David Yunich, president of Macy's New York division, complained: "There are some manufacturers who are resisting passing on the excise-tax reductions to customers by contemplating raising their base prices." Whether they pass it on or not, businessmen were plainly pleased by the excise cut, figured that it would make more than small change at the cash registers.

COMMUNICATIONS

Quarrels over Comsat

While the Early Bird satellite sits in peaceful orbit 22,300 miles above the Atlantic, things are anything but peaceful back on earth for its owner, the Communications Satellite Corp., Comsat, whose only product so far is Early Bird, has become involved in a series of bitter controversies over the use of the world's first commercial communications satellite. Last week the biggest fuss yet was raised on both sides of the Atlantic over the rates that Comsat plans to charge for sending TV programs overseas via its drum-shaped, 85-lb. mainstay. All three major U.S. TV networks lodged protests with the Federal Communications Commission over Comsat's proposed rate schedule, due to go into effect next week when commercial service begins.

If the FCC approves, Comsat will charge the networks \$3,350 per hour for the use of its satellite in off-peak hours and \$5,245 per hour between 8 a.m. and 2 p.m., when transatlantic telephone circuits are busiest. Such prices, charged NBC, are so high that they "will preclude TV usage of the

satellite system"; in similar statements, the other networks agreed. The FCC has agreed to investigate Comsat's announced rates, is asking the corporation to explain why they are based on a 12% return on investment after taxes when other international communications corporations are regulated to earn only 8.5%. Comsat's answer to the charge: the risks are infinitely greater, including a projected 25% failure rate for future satellites.

Behind the Scenes. The cold cost fact for the networks is that Comsat's fees are only the beginning; they simply cover transmission between the U.S. ground station at Andover, Me., and the satellite. In addition, users must pay Ameri-



MONITORING SATELLITE PICTURES IN ENGLAND
Rates are also in orbit.

can Telephone & Telegraph \$1.15 per airline-mile for transmitting their programs between their studios and Maine. Then there are charges on the other side of the Atlantic. Meeting in Lisbon two weeks ago, the 22-nation organization of European postal authorities established fees for transmitting signals between the satellite and the receiving stations, which so far exist at Goonhilly Downs in England, at Raisting in West Germany, and at Pleumeur-Bodou in France. The reported fee: \$5,450 an hour. All these fees combined seemed more than the networks in the U.S. and abroad were willing to bear. Last week TV systems in Britain and continental Europe indicated that they had no interest in receiving further satellite programs, and angry U.S. networks made the shutdown almost complete, using only one of the 14 free hours set aside for broadcasting.

The furious hassle over rates overshadowed crucial behind-the-scenes maneuverings in other areas. Many U.S. companies are fully aware of the commercial potential that Comsat has brought to industry, and are challeng-

ing the right of the common carriers—A.T. & T., RCA Communications, Inc., International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., and Western Union International—to monopolize the lucrative position of middleman between Comsat and its customers. The carriers have applied for permission to lease 226 of Early Bird's 240 voice channels, but some of their customers, such as the Associated Press, United Press International, and the Washington Post are seeking to deal directly with Comsat for their own channels, and the networks seem likely to follow suit soon.

Executive Nightmares. The common carriers, meanwhile, have their own quarrel with Comsat. The three ground relay stations that will eventually exist when the entire satellite system is lofted, of which the Andover, Me., station is the first, have been awarded to Comsat by the FCC, at least temporarily. Last week A.T. & T. and I.T.T. both asked that ownership of these stations be removed from Comsat, calling such ownership an "unwarranted monopoly" and arguing that the FCC had failed to "follow the mandate of Congress that it not prefer Comsat in its award of licenses for ground stations."

As if that did not sufficiently complicate matters, the American Broadcasting Co. has gone even farther and announced plans to construct its own domestic satellite system, thus challenging the dominance of the common carriers. That may start a number of other corporations thinking; U.P.I. has already made

sounds about its own satellite. Considering that Comsat has also announced that it may someday launch satellites to handle airline plane-to-ground communications, the entire prospect was enough to give some nightmares to the heads of the powerful—but conventional—U.S. communications companies.

CORPORATIONS

In the Bag

The world's largest manufacturer of luggage is named after the Bible's powerful Samson. Its president has a name to match: King David. The firm's official corporate philosophy is the Bible's Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." All company officers and salesmen carry a marble encircled by a gold band on which the Golden Rule is printed, take it out for inspiration when they have a business decision to make.

This philosophical approach—wedded to some pragmatic business prac-

The familiar version, extracted from *Mattthew 7: 12 and Luke 6: 31.*

IS CAMPBELL-EWALD AFRAID OF NETWORK RADIO?

Unless you look at an agency's media schedule, there's no way to tell who is and who isn't afraid of network radio. There are no outward signs. In all kinds of agencies, big, small, soft sell, hard sell, you find people who stay away from it.

If you told them there are more radio sets in the United States than there are people, they'd look at you blankly. They don't want to hear about radio or use it. It poses a new challenge and they're comfortable with their old ideas.

The challenge of radio is that it's different from other media. Radio is pure sound communicating

directly to the listener's imagination. It has no props, pictures, or color to lean on. And it doesn't need it. Because nothing is more visual than the human imagination. It creates a world far more personal than any offered to it from the outside. That's why a creative radio commercial can have such astonishing results.

Campbell-Ewald is one agency whose media schedule is heavy with radio. They don't have prejudices that say only this or that media sells. They approach each client's selling problem with a creative open mind. They diligently search all media to find a schedule that's going to show results. One that's going to move products.

A good agency works hard to develop a creative media schedule. And at ABC we've worked hard to become the leading network and to make radio the strong selling medium it is today. We see week in week out how well radio motivates people to act. We believe in radio. Once you know the facts you will too. They're as simple as ABC.



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We hope to tell you—

sometime soon—all that we can about every stock or bond that you already own or any you're thinking of buying. Because we've yet to meet an investor who couldn't benefit from an up-to-date, straightforward, objective appraisal of his holdings. The stocks you bought six months, a year, five years ago may have been just fine for your purposes then. They may be just fine for your purposes now, too. But investment values do change. And what's more important, investment opportunities do, too. And trying to keep your money matched to the best current opportunities is nothing but common sense.

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tices—has paid off handsomely for Denver's Samsonite Corp. The firm now accounts for more than a quarter of all U.S. luggage sold, and its sales last year reached a record \$55.9 million. Last week, as orders from vacation-bound Americans flooded into Denver, Samsonite raised its 1965 sales estimate from \$60 million to \$64 million.

On to Furniture. Two-thirds of these sales are earned by Samsonite's familiar, streamlined luggage, which is recognized, used and often inadvertently exchanged by travelers around the world. Its dentproof magnesium frame, flush snap locks, and a plastic skin that can withstand everything from the -50° F. cold in an airliner's cargo compartment to the rough treatment of baggage handlers, have lifted luggage sales almost beyond Samsonite's capacity. The company has placed its 13-acre Denver luggage plant on a seven-day, round-the-clock schedule, is actively scouting sites for three additional plants. Samsonite is also strong in another product line: folding furniture. It manufactures about 40% of the home bridge-table sets and folding institutional furniture in the U.S., also produces patio furniture. A line of steel and plastic patio furniture called "Sunrest," introduced last fall, has piled up enough orders to keep Samsonite production lines busy until October.

By applying the Golden Rule to its retailers, Samsonite has built up a 15,000-store, nationwide distribution system that almost ensures steady sales for its luggage. The company requires retailers to sell Samsonite at list prices, but gives them a lucrative 40% to 45% markup. Samsonite salesmen tell dealers what luggage to buy and how to display and sell it, compensate them if the recommendations prove wrong, help them to train clerks.

Brothers on a Plank. Samsonite still bears the image of Biblical Jesse Shwayder, who founded it in 1910 with \$3,500. He brought his four brothers into the firm, introduced plywood-frame luggage and emphasized its strength with advertising that pictured the five Shwayder brothers standing on a plank supported only by a piece of their luggage. Shwayder retired in 1962, turned over control of the family-owned corporation to his son King David Shwayder and two able sons-in-law. Now 83, he still calls to offer them ideas.

Under King David, 54, and sharp Executive Vice President Emmett Heitler, a brother-in-law who runs the company's day-to-day operations, Samsonite has been diversifying. It recently opened a new factory in Loveland, Colo., to make children's interlocking construction sets, is planning to expand further into the toy field. Luggage will continue to be the company's mainstay; it makes more bags than the next ten luggage manufacturers combined. Some of the pieces are not available to the public: Samsonite makes special luggage



KING DAVID AT SAMSONITE'S DENVER PLANT
Following a pragmatic Golden Rule.

for such firms as Ampex and IBM, turns out the special navy-blue bags that all United Air Lines stewardesses are required to use. Added up, Samsonite's popularity seems to show that Jesse Shwayder's choice of names was more than a mere boast.

AVIATION

Come Fly with Me

Eight out of ten Americans have never flown—and the airline industry figures that three of those eight cannot, for various reasons, be lured onto an airplane. That leaves half of the population for the airline industry to work on in its effort to win more customers. Last week in Washington the industry's marketing executives met to ponder why so many stay earthbound and to figure out new ways to tempt them into the air. The task is vital to the lines: for every additional 1% of the population that they succeed in attracting to flight, they gain \$100 million in revenues. This year they are flying more people than ever before—and making more money than ever doing it.

The lines already know quite a few of the answers to the problem of the earthbound. They have decided that the fear of crashes actually deters only a handful, and that some are afraid of the confusion of getting on and off planes. The biggest deterrent still seems to be the high cost of air fares compared with other transportation costs, even though fares are generally lower now than a few years ago. To overcome such blocks to air travel, the industry is cutting many fares, offering special cut-rate plans and vastly increasing its range of services to add more comfort and convenience to the trip.

Lonely Businessman. United Air Lines last week moved to lower some first-class fares on a scale ranging up to 15%, and other lines have made fare

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cuts in recent weeks. TWA has introduced a family plan under which wives can fly for two-thirds of the coach fare and children for one-third, has been copied by several other lines. With American Express, airlines are stressing "lonely businessman" packages under which businessmen's wives can come along for half-fare. Foreign visitors get special rates: \$150 on Braniff for 30-day coach-class privileges.

The airlines have stepped up their advertising budgets and, since everyone now has roughly the same equipment, have switched to stressing the gleaming cities and glorious resorts to which they fly. Western now offers "North Country Adventures" in Alaska; United boasts a trip to San Francisco in the East and one to New York in the West. National has a ladies' flight to Florida that includes, for coach fare plus \$171, a seven-day hotel stay and lessons in health and beauty care, sculpture, bridge and stock-market investing. Along with car-rental companies, airlines are pushing plane-car packages (\$99 a week for a rented car and one tank of gas).

No Weight Limit. To eliminate one of the most complained-about airline practices, American Airlines and United recently filed plans with the Civil Aeronautics Board to scrap the 40-lb. baggage weight limit (the big new jets make the limit practically academic) and substitute a piece limit regardless of weight; last week TWA joined the trend by asking the CAB to approve its own more liberal system. In addition to the rapid growth of in-flight entertainment and the prevalence of "gourmet" meals on longer flights, the lines are going out of their way to make the cabin more like home. Western provides portable typewriters and dictating machines and a new, disposable plastic cocktail glass that permits eight extra minutes of drinking time on short flights. Continental has a flight director aboard who will radio ahead for hotel reservations. National gives out "bow-wow boxes" for those who want to bring part of their gourmet meal home to their dogs.

Such conveniences, of course, are meant primarily as competitive features to attract the people who fly (three-quarters of whom are businessmen) to a specific airline, but they also serve—along with lower fares—to draw the first-time passenger. Eastern Air Lines attributes its remarkable comeback from clouds of red ink to its use of additional passenger services. American now puts out a pamphlet for the nervous, "Tips on Making Your First Air Trip." Since Western began cutting prices three years ago, 5% to 10% of its new passengers have been people who have never flown before. Since the younger generation have grown up with airplanes as a part of their lives and do not have the fears of their elders, the airlines feel that passenger traffic in the years ahead is bound to rise sharply.



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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Local Man Makes Good

Some of the best American executives, like some of the best French wines, do not travel very well. When sent across to manage European subsidiaries, U.S. businessmen (and their wives) may stumble over the local language, bruise local sensibilities, and hanker to return to the center of power back at the home office. For this reason—and for a lot of others—U.S. companies are increasingly turning over control of their foreign outposts to European-bred local managers. Says Arthur K. Watson, chairman of IBM's international subsidiary: "It is far easier to develop company spirit in a European than it is for an American to de-

tives can comfortably speak the jargon of U.S. business ("parameters," "public relations," "cost control"), but they switch on their local dialects to good advantage when dealing with customers, competitors or labor leaders. Their mere presence helps to blunt occasional arguments from rivals that the government should not give contracts to U.S.-owned firms. Says Gulf Oil's Italian Chief, Prince Nicolò Pignatelli: "If you want to shoot a lion, you had better take along somebody who understands lions. Otherwise, the lion may eat you."

Most important, the local managers have a feel for the hard-to-define difference in mentality between the old world and the new. Esso's chief in Italy, Vincenzo Cazzaniga, has persuaded his home office to buy tens of millions of

company—a local branch of International Telephone & Telegraph.

The trend to local managers has lately started to spread out of Europe to Japan, Brazil and other countries, and it has already spawned a second generation of managers on the Continent. Example: the head of Kodak's German branch, Helmut Nagel, succeeded his father in that job. Though such men know that they have only a slim chance of rising to the presidency of the U.S.-based parent company, they figure that they are well ahead of their European compatriots. Says Paris-based Jacques Maisonneuve, IBM's 41-year-old top executive in Europe: "If I worked for a European-owned company, I would not be as high as I am now. I'm too young."



GULF'S PIGNATELLI



IBN'S MAISONROUGE



FORD'S BARKE

To hunt a lion, take along somebody who understands lions.

velop an understanding of a foreign country's history, culture and customs—to say nothing of its language."

U.S. companies now have more than 3,000 subsidiaries in Europe, and the percentage of big ones bossed by local citizens has risen to 40% in Italy, 55% in Britain and 65% in West Germany. Such giants as Woolworth, Singer, Eastman Kodak and National Cash Register make a point of manning all their top posts with Europeans. More and more Europeans are being promoted to high commands in Jersey Standard, Corn Products, Socony Mobil and U.S. Rubber. What these companies have brought forth is an urbane and multilingual group of managers who combine European emotions with U.S. business methods—and make the most of both.

Comfortable Jargon. The Europeans can often talk tougher and act more decisively than the Americans abroad. Pleading for a boost in productivity at Ford Motor Co.'s British branch, Manchester-born Managing Director Allen Barke told 60,000 workers: "Britain's image abroad is lousy"—and they applauded his pep talk. Thanks to management training at their U.S. home offices and such business schools as Harvard and Stanford, the European execu-

dollars worth of ships from Italian shipyards—even though the cost is greater than elsewhere. The gesture burnishes Esso's image in the eyes of the Italian people and the government. Small gestures are also important. No German businessman would ever think of dining at a customer's house without bringing flowers for the hostess; no Dutchman would ever ask a prospective client out to lunch without first weighing whether the guest might deem the offer a subtle bribe.

Father to Son. Many European businessmen believe that they can learn more, earn more and move faster with American firms, and some of them have jumped through hoops to make contact with the U.S. Belgium's Philippe Smaelen became an interpreter for the U.S. Army as a teen-ager during World War II, has since risen to head Du Pont's paint operations for Europe, Africa and the Middle East. The local managers seldom quit, and the few who do usually leap to higher jobs in other American firms. Frank Pepermans, a onetime Olympic water-polo player who rose from Ford's assembly line in Antwerp to managing director of the company's Belgian subsidiary, recently became chief of Belgium's third largest

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMY Beyond the Dollar

Because the fortunes of the free world's industrial nations are so intertwined, troubles tend to spread—like a run in a woman's stocking. Part of Wall Street's recent skittishness has been laid to concern about some weak spots that have appeared in the world economy. Many stock markets abroad have suffered bad falls of late: last week stock prices in Tokyo sank to a five-year low (then rallied 3%), and the French Government, in an unprecedented move, admitted that it had intervened to support the price of some shares on the Bourse. There are certainly some bothersome problems in a few of the free world's economies. Yet the dominant theme of the industrial nations is expansion, and the problems that do exist have largely been caused by efforts to keep that expansion from running away.

The situation by countries and areas:

- **Britain.** The country is living beyond its means in an expansive but troubled economy. Consumers spend freely while prices and wages soar. Government efforts to constrict home consumption have yet to be felt. Result: problems are multiplying for the beleaguered

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pound. Britain's trade deficit widened to \$137 million in May, the highest since November, thus reviving doubts abroad that Britain can squeeze by the fall without another financial crisis.

- **WEST GERMANY.** No end of the ten-year boom is in sight. Fueled by tax cuts, high investment and consumer spending, German prosperity bolsters the rest of the Common Market. One weakness: labor shortages are inhibiting industrial growth.

- **FRANCE.** After a government dose of deflation that cut the growth rate in half (to 2.6%), the economy is picking up again. Weak spots: auto sales, textiles, chemicals, shoes, construction. One strength: low unemployment.

- **ITALY.** It is just starting to emerge from a 1964 slump, but is recovering more slowly than France. Strong spots: auto sales, steel. On the other hand, northern Italy's building boom has collapsed, idling thousands of workers.

- **BELUX.** Belgium's economy is slowing down somewhat after showing signs of overheating last year—but so is its price inflation. Business is getting steadily better in The Netherlands, where wages and consumption are rising faster than production.

- **JAPAN.** What expansion-minded businessmen regard as a recession would be a boom anywhere else: the economy is still growing at about 7% a year. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato calls the Japanese slowdown "an adjustable stage after years of phenomenal growth," predicts an upsurge soon. Main problem: too many companies are deep in debt, vulnerable to slight dips in sales.

- **AUSTRALIA.** Boomy prosperity is being marred—but not seriously threatened—by a drought, rising imports and a shortage of capital that has helped to depress its stock market.

- **SOUTH AMERICA.** Brazil, where the cost of living rose 87% last year, has begun to control the world's worst inflation by recessionary shock treatment. Argentina, with less inflation (28% last year), has blundered its way into such a morass of public debt, deficits and fleeing private capital that financial circles predict monetary devaluation.

Fiscal Threat. What really worries most economists far more than today's troubles in the free world's economies is tomorrow's threat from something central bankers call international liquidity—the amount of gold, key currencies and credit in circulation to finance the world's trade. Reason: U.S. and British moves to end their balance-of-payments problems are likely to have the side effect of so constricting the supply of funds as to throttle world trade, whose expansion has been the chief bulwark of global prosperity.

Last week all the experts seemed to be talking about the obvious solution: reform of the world monetary system. Former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon warned that if "urgent" steps are not taken now to provide another source of liquidity, the dry-up of dollars will "hamper world trade, slow up the

economic growth of individual countries and threaten a worldwide recession." Meeting in Basel, the Bank for International Settlements exhorted the major Western powers to end their stalemate over how to overhaul monetary arrangements. French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing cheered a throng of European financiers by indicating that France's position on monetary reform has become more flexible: he called for changes that short stop of a return to a gold standard.

At midweek, Giscard flew off to London to talk about the problem with British Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan. Next week Callaghan will arrive in Washington to discuss the subject with Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler. The signs are unmistakable that most leaders of the West agree with Douglas Dillon that "there is no longer any time to dally" about finding a substitute for dollars and pounds to finance the world's growing business.



CITIBANK'S TAIPEI BRANCH
For export: the Christmas Club.

BANKING

The Glamorous Side

Visitors who have reason to visit Moen, the largest of the remote and steaming Truk Islands in the Western Pacific, will find the usual grass-skirted young women, betel nut-chewing natives, mangrove swamps—and a branch of California's Bank of America. Many major U.S. banks, in fact, are expanding into unlikely corners of the globe, and several of them are growing faster abroad than at home. Last week Manhattan's First National City Bank—which already has outposts from Santo Domingo to Dubai, the chief port of the Arabian Trucial States—opened another in the Chowringhi section of Calcutta, and this week Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. will open a branch in Antwerp. In all, the number

of foreign branches operated by U.S. banks has risen in the past five years from 124 to 215, and the total grows almost every week.

First-place Citibank—as Manhattan's First National City likes to call itself—this year will lift the number of its foreign branches from 113 to 132, and the Chase Manhattan will open six foreign branches in 1965, bringing its total to 37. Bank of America so far this year has opened in Singapore, Taipei and Nicaragua, plans in the next few months to move into Vienna, Antwerp, Madrid and Barcelona. In recent months, Manhattan's Marine Midland entered Europe for the first time. Manhattan's Chemical Bank went into Asia, and Chicago's Continental Illinois bought interests in banks in five countries from Argentina to Zambia. Says Roger Damon, president of the First National Bank of Boston, which has eleven foreign branches: "International banking has suddenly become the glamorous side of the banking business."

Loans. U.S. bankers have been operating overseas ever since J. P. Morgan opened a Paris affiliate in 1868, but lately they have had one big reason for widening their beachheads: the fast growth of U.S. investments overseas. The quickened pace of world trade and the spread of affluence abroad are also major attractions, and so is the acute capital shortage abroad.

The bankers by no means confine themselves to making loans, collections and money transfers for American enterprise. The Chase Bank helped to bankroll Turkey's largest industrial project, the new Ereğli Iron and Steel Works; the Bank of America contributed to auto plants in Brazil and France and to the Mangla Dam between India and Pakistan. To attract the rising consumer classes overseas, many of the U.S. banks also offer loans to small borrowers, who often find it impossible to get credit from more conservative local banks and are willing to pay interest charges of 8% to 10% or even more. This year First National City will export another U.S. banking institution: the Christmas Club.

Liberties. The U.S. hold-down on dollar loans abroad has not badly hurt the U.S. branches because most of them have built up substantial pools of foreign capital, in many countries now make the bulk of their transactions in local currencies. Dealing in foreign money can, of course, be risky: First National City reported last week that it recently lost \$8,000,000 through currency dealings in an unnamed country—probably owing to devaluation or runaway inflation. Helping to compensate for such hazards is the fact that commercial banks can do something abroad that they are forbidden to do at home: invest in nonbanking enterprises. The Philadelphia National Bank has stock in or options to buy into industrial firms in a dozen countries, and the Chase Bank's investments reach into developing industries in 17 countries.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Juan Carlos, 27, son of Spanish Pretender Don Juan, and Princess Sophie, 26, sister of Greece's King Constantine: their second child, second daughter; in Madrid.

Married. Diane Dow Buchanan, 21, daughter of former U.S. Chief of Protocol (1957-61) Wiley T. Buchanan and great-granddaughter of the founder of Dow Chemical Co.; and John Traina Jr., 33, American President shipping line manager; in a Methodist ceremony boycotted by her father, who disapproves of the match; in Washington.

Married. Rosemary Pusey, 23, daughter of Harvard's president Nathan M. Pusey; and David Stephen Hopkins, 21, Stanford University graduate student; in Cambridge, Mass.

Married. Sybil Burton, 36, Richard's silvery-haired ex, currently hostess à-gogo of Arthur, Manhattan discothèque; and Jordan Christopher (né Zankoff), 24, rag-mopped leader of the Wild Ones, the club's rock-along band; both for the second time; in Manhattan. Ventured the groom's father, an Akron saloonkeeper: "I don't know what Sybil saw in him. Whatever it is, I'd like to know."

Married. Pierre Salinger, 40, slimmer but still stout former U.S. Senator and presidential press secretary, now vice president of National General Corp., a movie-theater firm; and Nicole Gillman, 26, a pretty, French magazine reporter who met him eight months ago during his unsuccessful campaign for the Senate; he for the third time; in a Paris civil ceremony three days after being divorced by Nancy Brook Joy, 37, his wife of eight years.

Divorced. By Dorothy Collins, 38, high-collared Hit Parade of the mid-1950s, now doing summer stock: Raymond Scott, 54, the program's band-leader; on uncontested grounds of cruelty ("His criticism gave me asthma"); after 13 years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. George Melachrino, 56, British orchestra leader who made it big in the late 1940s and '50s by putting violins into the big-band bounce with his 40-piece Melachrino Strings, sold more than 3,000,000 albums and started the rash of "music for . . ." records, among them his *Music for Reading*, *Music for Relaxation*, *Music for Inspiration*; of an apparent heart attack; in London.

Died. Balfour Bowen Thorn Lord, 58, Democratic Party chief in New Jersey since 1961 and chairman for 17 years of powerful Mercer County (which includes Trenton), a skillful organizer who in 1954 was widely credited with

electing Governor Robert B. Meyner after ten years of Republican rule, but proved less successful himself in 1960 when he ran for the U.S. Senate against Clifford Case, losing by 335,861 votes (while President Kennedy won the state by 22,091), after which he helped his former law partner Richard Hughes win the governorship in 1962; by his own hand (depressed by his estrangement from Second Wife Nina Underwood, he garroted himself with an electric-shaver cord); in Princeton, N.J.

Died. Burr Shafer, 65, cartoonist, whose wry historical satires (Says an innkeeper to a soldier: "And if you're not out by 12 o'clock, General Washington, I'll have to charge you for another day") moved President Harry Truman to write "I'm very proud that I'm smart enough to get the point"; of a pulmonary embolism; in Orange, Calif.

Died. Dr. Ichiro Ohga, 82, known throughout Japan as "Dr. Lotus" for his lifelong experiments with lotus plants, who won worldwide notice in 1952 when he succeeded in making a 2,000-year-old seed blossom into a beautiful pink flower and nursed the plant back to such health that it is still alive in a Kemigawa botanical garden dedicated to him; of a stroke; in Tokyo.

Died. Carl Lukas Norden, 85, inventor of World War II's famed Norden bombsight, a Dutch engineer who in 1904 emigrated to the U.S., in the early 1920s developed the first successful plane-arresting gear for U.S. aircraft carriers (the *Saratoga* and *Lexington*), with partner Theodore H. Barth was commissioned by the Navy to devise a better bombsight and in 1939 finally produced a compact (12 in. by 19 in.), though enormously complex, \$25,000 instrument so precise that U.S. bombardiers could, as they loved to brag, literally "hit a pickle barrel from 20,000 ft."; of pneumonia; in Zurich, Switzerland.

Died. Hans von Kaltenborn, 86, the nation's most popular radio news commentator in the 1930s and '40s; of heart disease; in Manhattan (see PRESS).

Died. Dr. Martin Buber, 87, renowned Jewish philosopher, theologian and poet; of uremia followed by a stroke; in Jerusalem (see RELIGION).

Died. Simpson Mann, 98, oldest veteran of the Indian wars (1876-91), who joined the U.S. cavalry for "\$12.50 a month, fat meat and six hardtacks a meal," fought Chief Sitting Bull's Sioux including the ugly 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee Creek, where some 300 Sioux men, women and children who had surrendered were suddenly slaughtered by jittery white troops; of heart disease; in Wadsworth, Kans.



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CINEMA

A House in the Country

The Collector is a good grisly thriller that never rises to the challenge of becoming something more. Contrived to leave viewers feeling scared silly rather than profoundly shaken, this tournament of terror spells instant stardom for two relatively uncelebrated English performers, Samantha Eggar and Terence Stamp, although Stamp is seriously miscast. From a taut beginning to a breath-stopping climax, the drama seizes attention, yet misses nearly all the depth and subtlety of the small sinister bestseller on which it is based.

In his 1963 novel, a core sampling from that vein of irrational hostility that separates servants from masters, haves from have-nots, Britain's John



STAMP & EGGAR IN "COLLECTOR"
After the pool, a catch.

Fowles explored the miasmal psychology of an impotent, whey-faced non-entity named Clegg. A municipal clerk whose warped dreams brutally but clearly mock the aspirations of the newly affluent New People of the English working class, Clegg collects butterflies in his off-hours until he wins \$200,000 in the football pool and can suddenly indulge his wildest fancies. He buys a remote country house, converts its vaulted cellar into a more or less gilded cage, and kidnaps Miranda, a vivacious London art student whose beauty has enraptured him from afar. "He is an empty space designed as a human," his astonished captive confides to her diary. "slow, unimaginative, lifeless, like zinc white."

Stamp plays Clegg more as a psychotic Adonis. The winsome boyish airs that made him a perfect choice for the movie version of *Billy Budd* (1962) are a crucial drawback when he has to reason maniacally: "There'd be a bloomin' lot more of this if enough people had the time and money." His fixed stare and halting accents never quite cancel out the suspicion that he is just the sort of menace a comedy bird might yearn to be imprisoned by—a



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vaguely Heathcliffian introvert reviving a Brontë romance in modern dress. Thus Actress Eggar dominates the film, not by better acting but by seeming hand-in-glove with her role. Plucky, tenacious, she proceeds moment by moment from incredulity to seductiveness to violence to the awful realization that she is merely a bright ephemeral at the mercy of a man who extinguishes living beauty as a pastime.

To further glamorize a morbid theme, Director William Wyler daubs it somewhat irrelevantly in full color. Yet his sure professionalism makes every important scene insidiously effective. The sense of stifling confinement is established at the outset when Clegg, in a van, stalks his victim toward a narrow byway where he can still her screams with chloroform. Wyler coolly, almost perversely, manipulates audience sympathy when Clegg tries to fob off an unexpected visitor while water seeps down from an upstairs bathroom where Miranda, lashed and gagged, has made the tub overflow. Later, she attacks her jailer with a shovel one dismal English night, a bid for freedom that ends as a muddy, bloody wrestling match. Though Author Fowles's harrowing final chapters are only capsuled on film, *The Collector*, even with its intelligence and insight curtailed, still pays off handsomely as a shocker sure to quicken the pulse of any anxious working girl who has to walk home unescorted.

Back to the Front

Von Ryan's Express, drawn from David Westheimer's World War II escape novel, is the kind of story that goes before the cameras almost as soon as it comes off the presses, possibly because the book reads like a scenario. Yet it makes a breakthrough of sorts. In the novel, the hero presumably lives happily ever after. In the movie, he dies.

Shot down over Italy in 1943, Colonel Joseph L. Ryan (Frank Sinatra) is sent to an Italian prisoner-of-war camp where he outranks and outrages a stuffy British major (Trevor Howard) and soon earns the prefix "Von" from the British and Americans he pushes around. After a sluggish beginning, *Express* starts to swing, and Frank swings with it, when the 400 Anglo-American prisoners are caught between retreating Germans and advance units of the U.S. infantry. After a day of freedom, the men are recaptured by Germans and packed into a freight train bound for the fatherland. They manage to subdue their Nazi guards (negligible opposition), don Nazi uniforms (good fit), and bluff or blast their way through Florence, Verona, Milan, and a burning fuel depot into Switzerland. A train pursued by troops and planes across enemy terrain can be counted on to boil over with excitement from time to time, and one battle scene filmed at dizzying altitudes in the Italian Alps brings the action to a peak.

The best crowd-pleasing bits fall to

Sinatra. His serio-comic masquerade as a Nazi becomes more than a stunt when, speaking German with eyes, hands, and shrugged shoulders, he fakes a conversation with a Gestapo man who has spied his American watch. Inevitably, the *tedeschi* leave a voluptuous collaborator (Raffaella Carra) reclining in the caboose. Sinatra spurns her advances, and when she tries to escape, he regretfully mows her down, simultaneously thumbing his nose at his own public image and giving this rolling-stock melodrama at least one swift, strong, indisputable moment of truth.



OMAR SHARIF IN "KHAN"
After the doughnut, the whole.

A Large Barbarian Camelot

Genghis Khan is another chapter in the history of the world, as hacked out by some of the planet's best-paid specialists at turning mountains into molehills. This droll biography casts Omar Sharif as the greedy Mongol conqueror, and suggests that his greed was all for the good. In his youth, cruelly confined by his enemies to a doughnut-shaped yoke, the future Khan keeps his eye upon the whole of Asia, plus adjacent territories. He dreams idealistically not of sacking, plundering, pillaging and rape, but of a large barbarian Camelot in which every man will be a Mongol or a Mongol's brother. Opposed to progress is the evil Jamuga (as usual, Stephen Boyd), whose notion of sharing is to have his way with Genghis' ravishing wife (Françoise Dorléac).

Most of the time, though, Genghis just idles along in Peking, where the Chinese let him in on the discovery of gunpowder. Other odd bits of wisdom are supplied by Emperor Robert Morley, who apparently can't tell one Oriental from another, since his dynasty resembles a road-show *Mikado*. The high pooh-bah in charge of comedy relief is Kam Ling (James Mason), sporting almond eyes, malocclusion and a washee-quickie accent. As befits a ham, Kam Ling is sliced up just before a lively duel to the death between Jamuga and Genghis. Hordes of loyal Mongol mourners think the great Khan's demise untimely—and well they might, since the real Genghis lived to be 65, and died in bed.



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BOOKS

The Nibbling Kingdom

MUSHROOMS, MOLDS, AND MIRACLES
by Lucy Kavalier. 318 pages, John Day
\$6.50.

Fungus meant mushroom to the Romans. To scientists today, the term connotes a vast vegetable family whose members include some of man's best friends and some of his deadlier enemies. Only in recent decades has science even begun to tell which is which, or even to count their kind; so far, more than 100,000 species have been identified, and there are probably at least 150,000 more awaiting discovery.

The savory truffle is a fungus, and so is the unsavory truffle that causes ath-

spores in three or four days. Most of them are important biochemical brokers; some are essential to the cycle of organic decay and regeneration. Without fungi, higher forms of life could not exist.

The benefits to man are countless. The fragile inky cap is delicious if gathered young and cooked promptly. Lichen, formed by the union of fungi and algae, eats into rock, prepares it to become new soil. The molds that make Camembert are fungi; so are the yeasts that leaven bread and ferment grapes, grains, berries, cacti, honey and camel's milk into alcohol. Yeasts keep industry in ferment as well, assist in the manufacture of paint remover, antifreeze, synthetic rubber, adhesives, cosmetics

food and fibers in the U.S. and one-tenth of the world's wheat crop.

Eradication of fungal diseases is nearly impossible. Fungus spores are transported by insects, airplanes, tourists, animals—one captured woodpecker was found to be carrying 750,000 spores of the chestnut blight. Even if all these agents could be controlled, man could hardly quarantine the wind, which can carry spores anywhere up to 2,900 miles. Subzero cold does not kill fungi; dehydration does not kill its spores. And almost every time that man develops a plant strain which resists one baneful fungus disease, it succumbs to new and more virulent varieties that had not previously been known.

Power for Yeast. Yet while fungi seem limitless in number, they also promise limitless benefits. Predaceous species, capable of destroying insects, worms and other microorganisms, could replace hazardous chemical pesticides such as DDT. One pathogenic fungus actually accelerates plant growth, may some day bring wheat, corn and oats to maturity in half the normal time. Yeast cells growing in a sugar solution can produce measurable currents of electricity, and NASA-sponsored research aims at supplying electric power for spacecraft from microorganisms grown on human wastes. In hopes of preventing earthly fungi from infecting other planets, U.S. scientists have already established an elaborate quarantine system for outer space.

But the fungal balance of power could finally be determined by unsuspected species growing in undiscovered worlds. From Mars or the moon may come new spores to serve man—or to destroy him.

One Man's War

THE GREEN BERETS by Robin Moore.
341 pages. Crown. \$4.95.

"Wear the beret proudly," John F. Kennedy enjoined the U.S. Army's Special Forces in 1962. "It will be a mark of distinction and a badge of courage in the fight for freedom." It was Kennedy who gave the elite corps back its jaunty green berets, after the brasshats had removed them and reduced the highly trained counterinsurgency fighters to a less independent role. And despite their distinguished record in Viet Nam, controversy over the Special Forces still sputters in the Pentagon.

Their cause will not be helped by *Green Berets*, which purports to tell in fictional form "the previously untold stories of a group of true-life heroes." Its author, a Sheraton Hotel executive who had previously written a book about gunrunning in the Caribbean, was allowed to take the Special Forces guerrilla warfare course at Fort Bragg and then went to South Viet Nam as an accredited correspondent. He was unusually privileged, and saw the war at uncommonly close quarters. Though newsmen are noncombatants, Moore



AUTHOR KAVALER



SLIME MOLD



PENICILLIUM NOTATUM



INKY CAP

From the savory truffle to the unsavory truffle that causes athlete's foot.

lete's foot. Life-saving penicillin comes from one fungus (*Penicillium notatum*); from another comes the lichen that is slowly devouring the Parthenon. Yet another yields the drug LSD, which has been used experimentally in the treatment of schizophrenic children and alcoholics. Knowledge of the complex, infinitely various, unbelievably hardy fungus kingdom has multiplied immeasurably in the past century. In this fascinating, ambitious book by Lucy Kavalier, its villains, heroes and hopefuls are fully explained to the nonscientific reader.

Camembert & Wine. Plantlike, but not quite plants, fungi are rootless and leafless, consist of tiny threads (hyphae) tangled in a mass (mycelium) that can grow as much as half a mile in 24 hours. Lacking chlorophyll, fungi cannot make their own food, batten instead on fabric, fur, fat, paint, plants, plastics, skeletons, cold cream, jet fuel and people. One species can survive only on the left hind leg of a water beetle. Most fungi reproduce by the sexual union of two different spores, sometimes drop hundreds of millions of

and perfume. Yeast-feeding produces better pelts in mink, more honey from bees, faster growth in trout.

Benefit & Bone. Even more dramatic are the contributions fungi have made to science and medicine. Yeasts' high content of vitamins makes them effective against beriberi and pellagra. Ergot, derived from fungus-infected grain, speeds labor in childbirth, helps control bleeding. A common red bread mold has vastly facilitated research on deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), which governs heredity and holds the secret of life.

Fungi can be as full of menace as they are of hope. In man, they have been responsible for convulsions, delirium and even death, which come from eating poisoned mushrooms; for gangrene and madness, which come from eating ergot-infected grain. They also produce cryptococcosis, which attacks the central nervous system, and severe respiratory infections that resemble tuberculosis but are far trickier. In plants, fungi are the most important single cause of disease such as slime mold, annually devouring \$2 billion worth of

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carried a Special Forces M-16 automatic rifle, dressed in regulation jungle fatigues, fought in more than a dozen actions, was credited with several kills.

Cloak & Boudoir. After four months, Author Moore returned to the U.S., offered to submit what he claimed was a novel to the Pentagon for clearance, and was told—according to his version of the story—that “they don’t read fiction.” They should. For when Pentagon officials did get to read the book, they charged that Moore had not only distorted the role of the Special Forces but had also succeeded in conveying the impression that *Green Berets* is based solidly on fact. What is more, said Defense Department officials, the book contains 16 security violations. At



MOORE IN COMBAT GARB
Fictional fact, factional fiction.

their insistence, the dust jacket now carries a yellow band announcing lamely: FICTION STRANGER THAN FACT.

Anyway, *Green Berets* should be good for recruiting. Moore's Special Forces men seem to spend little time on the humdrum public health and education programs and antiguerrilla training that are among the SF's major responsibilities. Instead, they recruit pretty girls to lure Viet Cong officers to their bedrooms—to be captured, naked and panting, by the SF. They hire Cambodian handits to ambush Viet Cong units in Cambodia, train Meo tribesmen to fight against the Communist Pathet Lao in neutral Laos.

Infiltration Training. The most sensational section deals with a Special Forces raid deep into North Viet Nam to destroy bridges and to kidnap or assassinate Communist leaders. The Pentagon insists that the SF has never gone into North Viet Nam. Moore explains that he “projected” the episode after

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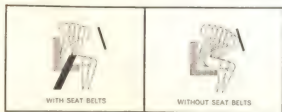
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TOLSTOY & GORKY (1900)
Life crisscrossed with theft.

boots and belted black tunic. Gorky's wildly onomatopoeic *Song of the Stormy Petrel* became the battle anthem of the revolution, and soon he was hip deep in politics: setting up capitalist pigeons for Lenin to pluck, polemicalizing both for and against the Bolsheviks. During the Leninist purges following the October Revolution, Gorky used his special relationship with Lenin to save many writers' lives. Finally breaking with the Bolsheviks, he exiled himself in Sorrento. There, in a drafty villa with a fine view of Vesuvius, he swilled coffee-and-raw-eggs and completed his best work: the autobiographical accounts of his early life and his reminiscences of Tolstoy and Chekhov.

Servile Pen. In 1931, at Stalin's urging, Gorky returned to Russia. He was set to work glorifying the slave-labor projects that were reshaping Soviet society and killing millions in the process. The "histories" and editorials that spewed forth in Gorky's name pandered to Stalin's every whim; his formulation of socialist realism resulted in the most servile cultural creed ever imposed on the human intellect. Then in 1936, just before the Great Purge began, Gorky mysteriously died. During the Bukharin "show trial," witnesses "confessed" that he had been murdered by the "rightist-Trotskyite conspiracy."

Not so, argues Author Levin. In his last, obscure works, Gorky had turned bitterly and biting against Stalin's repressions. Levin sides with a growing minority of Russian scholars who contend that he was liquidated by Stalin, who feared that Gorky would raise a mighty outcry over the killings that lay ahead. There is much to commend the argument: Gorky, the tough realist, was in reality a bighearted sentimentalist who could not condone Czarist cruelties and he would probably have refused to countenance Stalinist slaughter.



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The High Price of Zap

SEXUS by Henry Miller. 634 pages. Grove. \$1.25.

There is something to be said (but not much) for any writer who can think up titles like *Sexus*, *Plexus* and *Nexus*. The names chime like a singing commercial piped by Priapean elves, all trying to jolly the reader into putting up once more with that old boudoir Bolshevik, Henry Miller, the Lenin of the dirty-word revolution.

By now, that revolution is all but over: there is no aspect of sex, however recondite, that is not portrayed at length in novels published by respectable U.S. houses and sold freely in bookstores (TIME Essay, April 16). Doggedly, Grove Press continues to issue Miller's novels, long available only abroad or under the counter.

Warm Bathtub. *Sexus* has a quality of self-admitted buffoonery: inexhaustible potency and insatiable partners are not part of the real world. It is also horrendous in its details, all relentlessly chronicled in the most basic English. To say that it is monumentally tasteless is to say the obvious; that was clearly Miller's intention. But at least, unlike so much current pornography, it is not homosexual or death-ridden. Many of its 40-odd sexual encounters are just splashings in Miller's warm-bathtub world of woozy friendship.

Miller's hero, as usual, is called Henry Miller. As usual, he works by day hiring messengers for the Cosmococcic Telegraph Co., while by night, he fooms about Manhattan. He meets Mara, the beautiful dance-hall girl. Zap. He weaves home to his wife. Zap. Back to Mara. Zap, zap, zap. An old girl friend and her roommate. Certainly. Then a girl in a restaurant. And so it zaps, until the reader wishes that either Writer Miller or Hero Miller had spent an occasional evening playing bridge.

Sadist of Clowns. Miller's books alternate between pornography and preachment, sex and soda water; every bed sooner or later seems exposed to an icy draft from *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*. He is a comical windbag, but unexpectedly the reader has the opportunity to see which part is comedy and which is windbag. The emphasis shifts away from sex in *Plexus* and *Nexus*. Without his fake phallus, Miller is a clown—the sadist of clowns.

Giving him all his due and a bit more, it is clear now that Miller sacrificed himself to the dirty-word revolution. He learned to be an effective pornographer, and for a while this obscured the fact that he had never learned to be a competent novelist or philosopher. Readers do owe Miller a debt; in part because of his writings, it is now possible for an author to ignore sex. What readers do not owe him is a reading. That would be asking too much. While he may no longer be unprintable, he is largely unreadable.



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